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WHY A RICH YANKEE DID NOT SETTLE IN CALIFORNIA.

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Massachusetts in Her Winter Garb (Page 10).

California in Her Winter Garb (Page 11).

A S Aubrey
San Francisco Cal
1900.

WHY A RICH YANKEE DID NOT SETTLE IN CALIFORNIA.

BY

ADDISON AWES, JR.

Son of a Revolutionary Sire.

Freedom calls thee, quick, be ready!
Rouse thee, in the name of God!
Onward, onward, strong and steady,
Dash to earth the oppressor's rod.

BOSTON AND SAN FRANCISCO:
CUBERY AND COMPANY, PUBLISHERS,
1900.

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The Patriot's Prayer.

God give us men! A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands;
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor—men who will not lie:
Men who can stand before a demagogue,
And damn his treacherous flattery without winking;
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking:
For while the rabble, with their thumb-worn creeds,
Their loud professions, and their little deeds,
Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps.

—J. G. Holland.

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To the Patriots of America.

To please some old lady neighbors this book is published. While reading the manuscript to them some would, by fits and starts, suddenly lay down their knitting, raise their eyes over their spectacles, and exclaim: "That is rather *too* severe!" Then would follow the sharp reply from a white-haired Daughter of the Revolution: "Well, *I guess* the Judge knows; *he* has visited California, while *you* have never been outside of Gloucester; *there now!*" By similar sallies the little patriotic woman saved this book from premature death—and the author can realize how his great-great-great (to be continued in our next) grandfather Adam felt when he calmly said: "She gave me of the tree and I did eat."

The writer is too near the sunset of life not to have the most kindly feelings toward all mankind, especially those of the Nation's Household who dwell within the portals of the beautiful Golden Gate.

This book is a true record of the deplorable condition of one of the grandest states in the Union.

It is an object lesson of what the Nation will become if we do not promptly "dash to earth the oppressor's rod" and assert our God-given rights as Sons of Revolutionary Sires.

If the Patriots of America now do their duty these words will surely come to pass:

"I will open you the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it.

"And I will rebuke the devourer for your sakes, and he shall not destroy the fruit of your ground; neither shall your vine cast her fruit before the time in the field, saith the Lord of Hosts.

"And all nations shall call you blessed; for ye shall be a delightsome land saith the Lord of Hosts."

Gloucester, Massachusetts,
August 6th, 1900.

Why a Rich Yankee Did Not Settle in California.

I am one of those saving, careful, lucky Yankees, who has never seen much of the world, yet who always keeps his weather eye open and pushes ahead as fast as circumstances will allow. For many years I was treasurer and secretary of a large manufacturing establishment. I had a good salary, a portion of which I saved, and invested it in New Jersey lands at the proper time, so that I am classed as comfortably well off.

My family consists of my wife, one daughter and two sons. My wife has a tendency to consumption, and years ago I resolved that as soon as my finances would permit I would remove to a more genial climate, for the New England winter is very severe on persons with weak lungs. After careful consideration I decided to go to California.

It was not alone to improve my good wife's health, but I had heard of the excellent Californian universities and I desired to give our children a good education. Then I realized the great commercial advantages of the coast, and that the upright, industrious, intelligent business man had a grand chance in California to develop his talents and reap a fair reward for labor performed.

The record of the early pioneers cheered my heart, and when I read of their heroic struggles, of the hardships they endured, of their many vicissitudes, of their high sense of honor, of their grand moral characters, maintained amid great temptations, I felt that the children of such sires would be fit companions and associates for the members of my family. All these considerations nerved me to resolve to leave my native state and seek on the Western Shores a new home.

I was not unfamiliar with California; for I had an uncle who lived there in the times of '49 and I had often listened to his conversations, and when a mere boy I was well informed as to the prospects of the Land of Gold.

The old man once described a trip up the Sacramento river that I never can forget. He loaded a schooner in San Francisco with goods required in the mines. Night overtook them in the vicinity of Benicia. It was moonlight—and what is more charming than a moonlight night in California? Silence reigned. Mount Diablo, a grim sentinel, watched the scene. There had been nothing to disturb the confidence that had prevailed since creation's dawn between the animal and its master, man; so the birds congregated by thousands on the peaceful bay, and hundreds of elk, with their immense wide-spreading horns, came and slaked their thirst in the health-giving waters; and it made the wanderer think of home and its pleasant memories, and he prayed he might succeed in his undertakings and once more see the loved ones—for whose comfort he was thus leading such an adventurous, lonely life. He did succeed, and half a century after he told of the changes that had taken place. Not an elk was left of that mighty herd. Civilization's march had destroyed every vestige of that peaceful scene, save that old Mount Diablo still kept watch and ward, and perchance wondered if the conquering hosts would presume to enter its domain and cause it to bow its proud head to the white man's power.

My uncle tried mining, too. Buying a complete mining outfit—pick, shovel, rocker, big rubber boots, etc.—he duly reached a mining camp. The boys were glad to welcome him, and they shared their camp and gave him square meals of coffee and beans. The next morning my relative arrayed himself in a miner's garb, including his big rubber boots, wended his way to the stream and commenced operations. His new friends continued their kindness and waded with him into the water up to their knees; he was taught how to fill his pan, and then how to use the rocker, and he rocked and he rocked, until he knew how to sympathize with every mother that rocked her darling to sleep. The results to the amateur miner were not bad—$7.50—but it was the hardest earned seven dollars and fifty cents he had ever obtained. It was a hot day, and the perspiration rolled down his manly brow like a miniature Niagara; he discovered his head ached, his stomach ached, his back ached, his legs ached—he ached all over; besides, his hands were all blistered and he realized he was a physical wreck,

and that if he continued another hour he would become a mental wreck. So he discharged himself as a miner, donated his pick, shovel, rubber boots and all, to his fellow-sufferers, and returned to San Francisco, resolved, if he ever got rich, he would establish a "Home for Disabled and Lunatic Miners." No miner ever asks him for aid in vain.

My uncle's sorrows did not end with the miner's experience. Accumulating a fortune of nearly $100,000, a fire came and he soon stood a beggar amid the ruins. Just then his banker appeared, and remarked: "You are going to build again, I suppose?"

The unfortunate man looked up, the picture of despair, and replied: "I have not one cent left!"

"No matter," replied the rich man; "you call for all the money you need, and you shall have it, without interest."

He had several like offers during the day. So he built once more and prospered.

One of the pleasant features of the times was the confidence men had in each other. Miners would come down with ten or twenty thousand dollars, deposit in the merchant's tent, and have no fear that it would be stolen.

My uncle was raised a very low churchman—so low that the words "He descended into hell" were omitted in the creed when it was repeated in the services of the church. He used to enjoy relating how a high churchman endeavored to introduce his peculiarities into the church in early times. Protests were unnoticed by the ardent clergyman; so the official board met and resolved to muster out the offensive shepherd. But he declined to be mustered out, and so one Sabbath morning, after due deliberation, the officers resolved that if the clergyman attempted to officiate they would put him out of the church; and they did this, with becoming dignity, two walking in front of him and two gently pushing him in the rear. It was the most effective recessional ever performed in Calfornia. The ousted clerical brother appealed to the highest church official then on the coast, and he decided that no minister had a right to intrude himself where the congregation did not desire his services.

My poor uncle lived to see that same church filled with incense,

confessional boxes, etc., and with trembling words he would declare this could not be done in the good old times of '49—it is a mongrel church—it is not a Protestant church; and for years he remained away from the sanctuary—thus protesting against these humiliating attempts to reinstate a church that his forefathers had tried to reform. He declared it had the effect to drive the men away from the services, and that the high churchmen were the cause of the decay of a church he loved and respected.

The Pioneers of California have been judged too often by the standard of the small element of evil that found its way among them mainly as outcasts and criminals of other lands, instead of by the great mass that composed this noble army of American manhood. If "by their works ye shall know them," then we will honor the Pioneers of California, who, animated by lofty Christian purposes, although professing different creeds, made haste to organize religious denominations and to found churches, to make manifest to the world that American progress and American statehood rest upon the enduring foundation of religious faith.

It should be borne in mind, too, that these church organizations were effected in the main by men alone, for the presence and refining influence of women were then rarely in evidence. Yet it was the prayers and influence of the mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts left behind that were always with them, that animated these men in the performance of the good work they then had in hand. Next to their love of God, their love for the dear ones left behind was the constraining influence that guided their action and ought to win them the plaudits and admiration of the whole world.

Nor was the church attendance in those days simply a formal matter. A sincere and abiding sense of religious duty animated all hearts alike, for it is of record that every seat was occupied each Sunday, and often many persons were turned away, not being able to obtain standing-room; and whether held in "groves," God's first temple, in tent however humble, or a resort, standing-room was frequently unattainable, so great was the desire, so deep-seated was the impulse, to join in religious worship, as they had been accustomed to do in the old homes left behind.

A collection taken October 28, 1849, in one of the San Francisco churches, is thus described: Nothing but gold was placed upon the plate, the smallest offering being five dollars, and from that up to a Mexican ounce (sixteen dollars), and although the seating capacity of the church was but two hundred, the total offering at this time exceeded nine pounds of gold—thus showing conclusively that the pioneers were liberal givers.

The religious spirit which pervaded the mind in those early days was made manifest in every walk in life, despite the incongruities of the surroundings and the baneful influences of the reckless class which necessarily finds its way wherever new communities are about to be founded.

While the gambler held high carnival for a time in open undisguised effort to lure his victims to destruction; while adventurers were frequently met with, seeking to despoil men of their substance; while speculation raged in its most seductive aspect, and the gold fever attracted old and young alike into remote mountain fastnesses and made up for a time a population as nomadic in its habits as the proverbial Arab, yet sturdy Christian American manhood in the mass was not to be turned from the mission which it had come to fulfill. Out of it all grew peaceful prosperity, because underlying it all was the true religious spirit that exercised dominant influence and built up the great state whose citizenship is our honor and pride.

Taking the immigration that flowed into California as a whole, in so-called pioneer days, it is not too much, nor is it an idle boast, to say that it was the most energetic, most intelligent and most enterprising that ever gathered for colonization or other like purposes, in any land that the sun shines upon in any part of the habitable globe. In all the qualities that go to make up material for good citizenship, it was unsurpassed by any new community in the history of the world: First, because the difficulties, dangers and hardships that had to be encountered, to reach remote California at that time, induced only the best, most energetic, and bravest of the young men of America to come hither. Second, young men of education, and necessarily young men of means, were mainly those who engaged in the adventure. Third, because of the aver-

age youth of these adventurers, nearly every one of whom was in the full flush of young and vigorous manhood. They were ready to meet and overcome every obstacle, and were filled with the youthful ardor and love of American institutions and American liberty, that could not but assure good government and the cultivation of good morals wherever they might cast their lot in social agglomeration.

Mark Twain thus powerfully describes the founders of the Commonwealth of California:

"It was a driving, vigorous, restless population in those days. It was a curious population. It was the only population of the kind that the world has ever seen gathered together, and it is not likely that the world will ever see its like again. For, observe, it was an assemblage of young men—not simpering, dainty, kid-gloved weaklings, but stalwart, muscular, dauntless young braves, brimful of push and energy, and royally endowed with every attribute that goes to make up a peerless and magnificent manhood—the very pick and choice of the world's glorious ones. No women, no children, no gray and stooping veterans—none but erect, bright-eyed, quick-moving, strong-handed young giants—the strangest population, the finest population, the most gallant host that ever trooped down the startled solitudes of an unpeopled land."

The records show, that out of a total membership of 3,023 pioneers who arrived in California in 1849, not one was ever convicted of a crime, not one was ever imprisoned, or, so far as can be ascertained, was ever charged with criminal wrongdoing. Out of 423 junior members—the sons of male descendants of pioneers—but one has ever been publicly charged with or convicted of a crime against the laws of the state or country.

Notwithstanding I was familiar with the history of the State, prudence dictated that I should first visit California and settle in what appeared to be the most favorable locality.

When I left New England it was clad in the white robes of winter; the wind was bleak and cold; the suffering was intense; the poor were dying from the severity of the weather; even the

animals excited sympathy as they shivered and toiled against the fierce winds.

In less than a week I was in California. The sun was brightly shining, the mountains, vales and plains were covered with garments of green, dotted with the most beautiful wild flowers that ever adorned the bosom of mother earth; the birds were singing as merrily as if spring reigned in place of winter, and I echoed the sentiment of a poor, sick German who jumped from the cars, gathered a few choice wild flowers, and wrote to his wife: "I never come back no more, I vas so satisfied here ; it vas so beautiful."

As I passed through the cities and towns I was still more favorably impressed. I never beheld so many pretty gardens, nor so many flowers vying with each other in beauty and abundance. I saw one oak tree, that a rosebush had taken possession of, crowned with at least five thousand roses; and houses were bedecked with flowers from cellar to roof, as you would array a bride on the day of her wedding. "Beautiful!" "Beautiful!" was all I could say; and that word but poorly conveys to the mind the miniature Eden that gratified the eye, pleased the senses and elevated the thoughts to the great Creator who so generously bestows such numberless blessings upon the children of men.

Upon inquiry I found there was no heart-rending poverty there; the climate is so mild and genial, no one dies from cold, and none starve. The children are healthy; the young maidens look as if Mother Eve had raised them—they are so straight and strong and beautiful; and the young men would do credit to Uncle Sam's Army in any part of the world.

When I beheld all this I cried, "Eureka!" and was thankful that I should pass my days in such a goodly land, amid a people so happy and prosperous, and surrounded with such scenes of beauty and grandeur.

A California Boarding House.

I find there is no place where extremes meet more frequently than in California. In the restaurants you can see a newsboy and a millionaire at the same table enjoying their meal together; and neither of them will assume any "airs"—the newsboy will condescend to chat with the rich man, and the latter will not seem ungrateful that the poor boy has seen fit to notice him.

Chinese, Japanese, and the colored man sit side by side in the cars with the Dutchman, Englishman or the American. And you may see John Chinaman inviting his American brother to take a drink—"alle samee white man." The white bootblack will shine the negro's shoes as readily as he will those of one of his own race, and ofttimes he has more difficulty in pleasing the colored patron than the one of lighter hue.

This free and easy style extends into society. No gathering, however select, where you will not be surprised to see some personage present who in New England would be considered unfit for decent society. Men who are libertines are there, and permitted to associate with pure minded maidens, whom these wretches would ruin the moment they were in their power. The boor, if he only has wealth, can enter the drawingroom and is received with as much cordiality as the president of a college. Thus the extremes meet and mingle, and the standard lowers year by year, until the true aristocrat becomes a hermit, feeling that to mingle with such a motley crowd is not only a waste of time, but has a tendency to immorality and vice that offends the sensibilities of a true gentleman.

Nor is this confined to private gatherings alone. Persons who have charge of festivals for charitable purposes do not hesitate to invite notorious rakes to deliver "opening addresses" if these sons of vice chance to possess a ready tongue—apparently considering that the more notorious the record of these orators the more they will "draw."

The extremes met in an usual way while searching for a boarding house. It is near the foot of Nob Hill—just on the border line of Chinatown—near enough to smell the incense arising from Chinese roasted pig, yet far enough away to be in a respectable neighborhood. The house is four stories high, the basement a few feet below the sidewalk. The upper floor has the following occupants: An official of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company; his next door neighbor is a man who spends his leisure moments fighting that same company; the next room is occupied by a bachelor barber, and near him reigns a bachelette, who teaches languages, and lives alone and cooks her meals in her room. Some dental students claim possession of the remaining room, and the perfumes of their chemical experiments rival the odor of the cooking of the damsel.

The floor below has as honored guests: The wife of a mining man, who prefers the charms of city life to the wild blasts of winter in her mountain home—and near is her sister, also her little brother who have come to enjoy the benefits of the schools of the metropolis. One roomer had been a politician in his day; but sickness came, the strong man became weaker hour by hour; he was taken to the hospital, and soon after his brother came and packed his trunk; for the lodger had gone to his "long home"—and none of the other roomers ever missed him—for on that floor one does not speak to another—that is, they never take the trouble—so how could they know that within a few feet of them a fellow-man was sick unto death? Near by rooms a jolly young man who has his wine and his comforts, who thinks not of to-morrow as long as he is happy to-day. Next door is a saleslady, sick and tired, and weary of life's struggle; but she cannot afford to rest, for luck has been against her: all her savings have been lost in bad investments, and now when she needs help both her money and her friends are gone, and so she must toil to the end. God pity her!

On the floor as you enter from the street, extremes indeed meet! Here is a room once occupied by a newly married couple. The man had no occupation when they were united and he drank heavily, but she was ready with her needle, and she could surely reform him! The poor woman acted as a reformer for sixty days,

and, wearying of her task, joined the grand army of divorced women that wander hopelessly amid the vicissitudes of California life.

A professor of music has the grandest room of the house, and saves it from being the home of gloom and despair; and although his purse is light and he cannot yet afford to bring his little family from their vine-clad home in the South, he sends forth his notes as if he were a lark singing his morning song. I wonder if he knows how much good he does his fellow-roomers!

To the rear of him is a cheerful, hopeful man. He has had his California ups and downs, but he is still sure he will "strike" it—for he has a mine—and that will sustain a man as no other thing can in journeying through this barren land. The owner of a mine never commits suicide, for he is always sure he will yet be rich.

I will say but little of the other roomers—for I know nothing about them, save they are a mother and two young daughters—and the former struggles, with the courage of a heroine, to give these girls every advantage; but I sometimes wonder if the damsels fully appreciate a mother's sacrifices and estimate the value of a mother's love?

We have reached the basement now. A couple occupies a room in front, where the sun never enters. But why go into details? The disheartened husband has taken to drink. The faithful wife, remembering his kindness in better days, is hoping against hope that he will come to himself. God grant it! for it is painful to see such suffering and so little to give encouragement that the wife's prayers will be answered.

In all this house there is not one that has a pew in church, and not more than two who attend religious services regularly. Nor is there ever heard an infant's wail or a child's laugh within its solemn walls.

At last we have reached the little landlady's domain. Imagine a room 8x10 and you see her reception room, dining room, and parlor, all in one. Adjoining is the kitchen, 5x6. San Francisco boasts of the largest hotel in the world. Here is the smallest boarding house in the world, consisting of a landlady and one guest. Such a bill of fare! Cracked wheat, scrambled eggs, pan

cakes and coffee every morning; soup, meat, oranges or apples, pie or pudding, and tea at noon; and soup, baked apples, meat, tea at night, varied every day, and made appetizing by cheery words. The Nob Hill disappointed sour-faced damsels would give half their wealth for the landlady's clear complexion and hearty laugh; and the little creature manages this great house and her boarder as if she were enjoying a holiday excursion, instead of ministering to the wants and comforts of so many sons and daughters of the human race.

What a mighty savings bank is a cheerful heart! But misfortune is no respecter of persons. The little landlady is ill. The boarder frames some excuse and absents himself as much as possible from his meals, in order that she may regain her health once more; but this does not suit her, and the boarder finds he but adds to her labors; for she only increases the number of dainties on his bill of fare when he does appear.

Ambition eats even at the landlady's heart. A young man is sometimes found in the boarder's chair. Either he does not appreciate her, or he is striving to make his bank account equal to her worth.

The boarder muses what will become of him if the landlady marries, for he has no home now. The one he had is scattered to the winds, and those who made its charms are sleeping in the "Home of Peace." Well, he will hope for the best, and have faith and struggle on.

One day a lawyer came to the little boarding house. After many inquiries he is satisfied the little landlady is entitled to receive a large estate in England. Her health is perfect now. The boarder has received notice to quit. In a few weeks she will cross the sea. May the cheery woman be blessed by favoring winds; and may her fortune be as large as she deserves—for she has ever done her duty in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call her, and both lodgers and boarder will ever be thankful they came under the kindly influence of the Little Landlady, who conducted with success the model boarding house of the Golden State.

A Recluse in Yosemite.

No one who reaches the Pacific Coast should fail to visit Yosemite. You may read descriptions until you "go hence," but until your own eyes behold the grandeur of its mountains and the floral beauty of its majestic valley, and you experience the sublime silence of its forest retreats, you will never realize the dimensions, the grace, the proportions, the sublimity of the grandest temple that ever graced the earth. Until you walk alone among the Big Trees of Mariposa, you can never comprehend the true meaning of these words so often used in church services: "The Lord is in his holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before him."

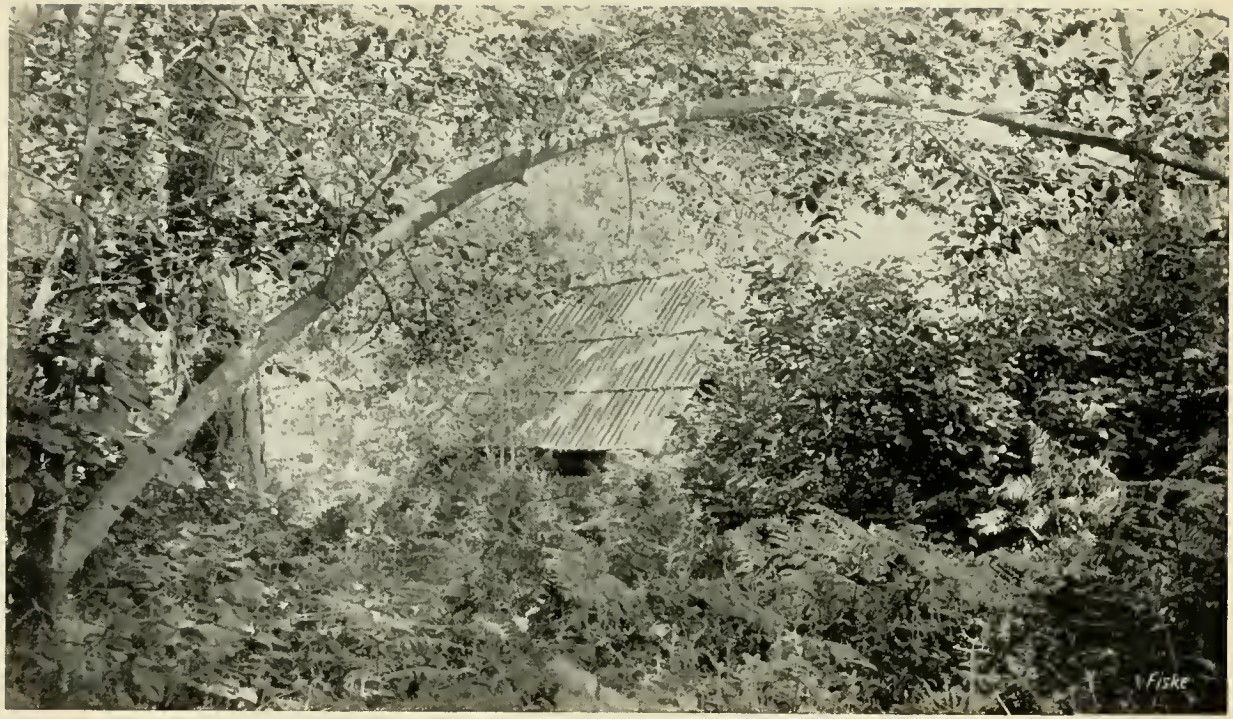
Yosemite is the place where you can forget the world and its sorrows, where the weary soul finds rest, where discord, ambition, turmoil, discontent, seem out of place; for it is too near the portals of heaven to allow of earthly thoughts and worldly aspirations; for once again you hear the command to Moses: "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standeth is holy ground."

Wandering one day in its fascinating walks, I accidentally came across "The Lost Cabin," and while gazing at the decorations nature had so lavishly bestowed upon the rough little house, I was saluted by a small man who bluntly asked:

"What do you want here?"

I was about to give him a sharp reply, when I recognized in him an old schoolmate, who I supposed had been killed at Balls Bluff in the late civil war.

"John, how do you do? God bless you! How you have changed; yet, I can see you are still the same old honest John, and it does me more good to see you than anything I have seen in California. I notice luck has been against you, my boy; but no matter for that; we used to share our money when we were boys, and we will share it again, for honest men are scarce and the



The Lost Cabin.

friends that are left are few"—and I grasped his hand with fervor and we both shed tears and were silent.

John was one of those characters so often found in New England that are born good. Of course, as a boy he had some bad habits; he smoked occasionally, and, when he forgot his Sunday-school, he would swear moderately; yet he was naturally good. So, when one evening he went into a revival meeting "to scoff," it was not surprising he "remained to pray." From that moment John never enjoyed a single "puff," and never uttered a single "swear word." Deciding to become a minister, he worked industriously at his trade as a cariage-painter, and although he was twenty-two he entered the high-school, prepared himself for Harvard, and, as one of the local poets expressed it, "daubed his way through college" by painting on Saturdays and during his vacations. All this time we were warm friends; we knew each other's thoughts; if he needed money I furnished it—David and Jonathan were not dearer to each other than homely honest John and myself. It was pathetic to see how that plodding, earnest, righteous man struggled and toiled and prayed and suffered to secure an education; he had but another year, and then he could enter the theological school. At this time President Lincoln made an appeal for more volunteers. John was a patriot. He had no more taste for a soldier's life than the mother superior of a convent has; but he did not hesitate when duty called. He enlisted as a private. At Balls Bluff he was reported as one of the first killed by a sharpshooter, and when I heard of his death I wept like a child and wondered why he could not have been spared when he was so good, so brave, so noble.

"Well, John, tell me your story, for it is not often that we greet one that has risen from the dead?"

"There is but little to tell that is pleasant, and it is best to keep sad things to ourselves, as our friends have trouble enough of their own," he said.

"But, John, years ago I did not have to urge you. Our joys and our sorrows we shared together; let us be boys again, and if the world has changed, you will find that your old friend has not; so tell me all?"

"I will tell you all, for these are the first kind words I have heard for many a day, and these tears are the first shed since I became a recluse in this grand retreat. Do you remember the sentence we once found—'Tears are the snow round the heart. When the heart is warmed the snows melt and the tears flow?" You have indeed moved my heart, and I will conceal nothing.

It is true that I was reported dead at Balls Bluff; but I was only stunned. Some kind people found me and nursed me, and as they were about to remove to California I resolved to go with them, as my health was undermined and I could no longer do duty as a soldier. Arriving in San Francisco, all the employment I could find was in a lawyer's office. I was used to hardship, and was a slow student; but I secured my diploma as a lawyer. The practice came slowly but surely, and as in my old home they called me "Honest John," so here I won the title of "The Honest Lawyer."

"I could not complain of my success, until I became connected with a case that aroused my indignation, and has since proved my financial ruin. The partner of a leading firm in California died, and the widow secured the services of an attorney, who not only acted as her adviser, but also gave counsel to the surviving partners—which is hardly considered professional. When I first discovered these facts I could scarcely credit them, for the attorney stood high in the community, and, when I first knew him, was a struggling young lawyer, and a member of the church; but he had prospered wonderfully, deserted the church, and was classed among the 'fashionables' of the city. Through railroad influence he was nominated one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of Appeals, and although he had never held a public office and was unknown throughout the State, he was duly elected, defeating a man noted for his legal ability and upright character. To prove that it was the railroad influence that so suddenly elevated this unknown man to the Supreme Court of Appeals it is only necessary to mention that during the validity of the Wallace Grand Jury was being discussed, before the above named court, this fashionable Judge was entertained by a railroad lawyer, and at the same table sat the President of the railroad company whose attorneys led the fight against a Grand Jury that made the railroad kings tremble.

It was my duty to defend the interests of my clients, even if it did impeach the honesty of a Justice of the Supreme Court of Appeals. I told the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, and, to make a long story short, I was disbarred for doing my duty. From that moment I have made every possible effort to regain my rights. The court Justices are determined to shield their associate, and for the time being I am blocked and powerless; yet you remember these lines:

Right is right since God is God,
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

"This is but a sample of the corrupt condition of our Judges, for too many of them are compelled to swear allegiance to the railroad magnates before they can receive even the nomination of their party, and after awhile I will give you some illustrations."

* * * * * * * *

But I was called away unexpectedly, and I never saw John again. He struggled as only a brave man can struggle when he knows he is right—but it was all in vain. Corruption was too strongly intrenched to be disturbed by the efforts of a single man.

His end was as pathetic as his life had been. A little dog in some way had crept down on one of the projections of El Capitan —one of the grandest rocks on the earth, and said to cover one hundred and sixty acres on its face. The dog's cries of distress attracted our hero, and wending his way from the valley below he carefully descended, and had almost reached the distressed animal, when his foot slipped—he fell—and his sorrows were ended.

* * * * * * * *

It said that a fellow recluse buried John at the base of the rock—and thus one more son of Old Harvard sleeps in the bosom of the Californian mountains. But his friend was not content with a decent burial; he was determined this hero should have a monument worthy of his memory, so one moonlight night he climbed to the top of the mighty rock, and, using his knowledge as a sailor, secured a rope and tackle, lowered himself well down the

rocky point, and in his crude way etched into El Capitan these words: "To the memory of an honest man." The inscription can be seen only in a certain light, and even then with great difficulty. But the fact remains that this tribute to honesty and worth will endure when the names of those who persecuted John are a byword and reproach; and at last it will be realized that this hero did not live in vain and that every effort for liberty, right and justice conquers in the end.

It was a satisfaction for me to know that John did not suffer for the want of money in his latter days, as I had arranged before leaving the valley that he should be well provided for as long as he lived.

Among John's papers I found the following selections. Their publication may please his old Harvard classmates:

My Yosemite Fern.

I am sitting here in my chamber alone. On the window-sill outside is a little fern which I brought from Yosemite. It is almost mournful while here alone; but the little fern, although kept on the shady side of our house, seems to thrive in its loneliness, and is as bright, and cheerful, and happy and joyous as when I found it gracefully nodding to the music of the waters of the noisy Merced. God bless thee, little waif of the forest! thou hast taught me a lesson never to be forgotten. Thou art not lonely so long as thou canst see the blue sky, feel the breezes of heaven and bathe in the raindrops.

It matters not to thee whether thy home be in God's grandest earthly temple, where the waters and the trees are ever sending forth his praises, and thy bed is spread on the banks of a beautiful river, where Nature revels in all her loveliness and wildness, or whether thou art rudely torn up by the roots, placed in a cast-off tin, carried to a great city, and left neglected and alone on the sill of a back window, where there is neither verdure nor beauty, nor music—naught but loneliness. There thou art, as bright, as hopeful, as cheerful as when I found thee in Nature's palace—willing to do thy part to make the world rejoice that thou wert born into it—not mourning for thy native rills and verdant banks, but smiling in thy loneliness!

But, tell me, dost thou not think of thy mountain home as spring approaches, and wish to return and see the waterfalls in their grandeur, the green meadows, the tiny wild flowers—the panorama of cloud and sunshine ever on exhibition in thy native valley? But perchance some fern companion, even in that enchanting spot, has met a harder fate than thine. Some dreamy maiden may have plucked it with her fair hand, and added one more charm to her short-lived bouquet; some rough woodsman may have crushed it with his iron heel;

Yosemite Valley.

some wild schoolboy may have cast it on the foaming water, and after floating from place to place, it may have breathed its last among the filthy docks of a great city, or found its resting-place on some sandy beach of the Pacific; some fierce tempest may have visited the secluded vale, and uprooted shrub and tree and shivered rocks that had stood the storms of centuries, and the debris been its tomb; some fire started by the natives of the forest may have eaten up with its tongue of flame every vestige of verdure and left thee without kith or kin. Each household has its secrets; so I fear I shall never hear whether any of thy loved ones thus suffered and died. But, tell me, dost thou, by any magic, know what is going on in this great city—its joys and its sorrows; its crimes and horrors. Does Nature enable thee to read the heart of the wealthy, and convince thee that the poor man in his hovel, with his children on his knee, is richer far than the money-kings in their childless castles; that pomp and show but poorly screen the bleeding heart of envy; that powder and paint only deceive the poor unfortunates who thus parade their shallowness; that this constant, unceasing struggle for success is hardly worth the prize when won; that the humble, with contentment, are richer far than uneasy worshipers at mammon's shrine? I see by thy looks that these queries confuse thee—nothing troubles thee, for contentment is thy portion.

God bless thee, for thy cheerful, happy face; thy patient, brave endurance; thy heroism, worthy of a brave man, a true Christian! If in the battle of life I am tempted to wish for better things, and long for ease and comfort and rest, and mourn that my life was not cast where it would glide smoothly to the tomb, then may I remember thee, my little fern—cease to repine, and be content.

Lament of the Flowers in a Neglected Garden.

"Our garden is parched like the desert so wild;
We wither and fade like a fever-burned child;
Oh, why should we perish, when waters are near,
And the smile of the past give place to a tear?
It was indeed a sad day when that kind spirit fled
From this choice spot of earth to the home of the dead!

"But listen! aid cometh—the waters are here!
Let thanksgiving silence the death-march of fear!
We are not forgotten, and never can be
Till earth shall be sunk in the depths of the sea;
There is one who remembers his long-absent spouse,
And we'll never lack care—he is true to his vows."

The roses they smiled—the smile of the good;
And the trees were so happy they really seemed rude;
And the joyful birds twittered in tune with the stream—
The lawn as it glistened appeared in a dream.
And the lone man was happy to see such a sight—
At once his deep sorrow gave place to delight.

Perchance the dear one above, in her mansion of bliss,
Sends down to the pilgrim an angelic kiss,
With a prayer that he that watereth the flowers
May at last find his rest in Eden's sweet bowers—
Where peace reigneth ever and unending joy,
And he'll hear the old greeting: "*You are a good boy!*"

Selections from Noted Writers.

To get wealth is a great trouble; to keep it, anxiety; to lose it, grief.

However trifling a genteel manner may sound, it is of very great consequence towards pleasing in private life.

He that lives according to nature cannot be poor, and he that exceeds it cannot be rich.

Poverty is the way to heaven, the mistress of philosophy, the mother of religion, virtue, sobriety, innocency, and an upright mind.

A genteel manner prepossesses people in your favor, bends them towards you, and makes them wish to like you.

Be not angry for what thou hast not, but give God hearty thanks for what thou hast received.

Then be not with your present lot deprest,
And meet the future with undaunted breast.

Have a clear conscience, and have no crimes to blush at.

Thou hast enough; he that is wet in a bath can be no more wet if he be flung into the Tiber, or into the ocean itself; and if thou hadst all the world, or a solid mass of gold as big as the world, thou canst not have more than enough.

Scorn this transitory state, look up to heaven, think not what others are, but what thou art.

A man that is ignorant of, and despises arts and sciences, is proverbially called a Goth or a Vandal.

Be content, thou art not poor, but rich.

Whatsoever thy fortune is, be contented with it, trust in God, rely on him, refer thyself wholly to him. It is not as men will, but as God wills.

The Normans, if they are asked a question, never return a direct answer; so that when a man gives an evasive answer it has become a proverb to say he answers like a Norman.

That's true plenty, not to have, but not to want riches.

Then cease complaining, friend, and learn to live.
He is not poor to whom kind fortune grants,
Even with a frugal hand, what Nature wants.

The Gascons are the most lively people in France, but rather inclined to

lying and boasting, particularly upon the articles of sense and courage; so that it is said of a man who boasts, and is presumptuous, he is a Gascon.

Trust in God and rely upon him, and thou shalt be crowned in the end.

When virtue came from heaven, rich men kicked her up, wicked men abhorred her, courtiers scoffed at her, citizens hated her, and as she was thrust out of doors at every place, she came at last to her sister, poverty, where she found good entertainment. Poverty and virtue dwell together.

It is good breeding alone that can prepossess people in your favor at first sight, more time being necessary to discover greater talents.

Lead me, O God, whither thou wilt, I am ready to follow; command, I will obey. I do not envy at their wealth, titles; let me live quiet and at ease, when they are dead and gone, and all their pomp vanished, our memory may flourish.

I hardly know anything so difficult to attain, or so necessary to possess, as perfect good breeding, which is equally inconsistent with a stiff formality, an impertinent forwardness, and an awkward bashfulness.

Cheer up, I say, be not discouraged.

A wise man's mind is like the state of the world above the moon, ever serene.

Never say anything that you think can be disagreeable to any in company.

Hope refresheth as much as misery depresseth.

Hope and patience are two sovereign remedies for all discontents, the surest reposals, the softest cushions to lean on in adversity.

You should look civil, as well as be so.

Hard beginnings have many times prosperous endings.

What can't be cured must be endured.

If you have occasion to correct a mistake, say: If I may take the liberty of correcting you, I believe it is so and so.

A lowering morning may turn to a fair afternoon.

He is wise that suits himself to the time.

No provocation whatever can justify any man in not being civil to every woman.

Many things happen between the cup and the lip.

Enjoy that thou hast, and ask no more of God than what he thinks fit to bestow upon thee.

Your reputation and success in the world will, in a great measure, depend upon the degree of good breeding you are master of.

All suns are not yet set; a day may come to make amends for all.

To avoid extremes, to observe propriety, to consult one's own strength, and to be consistent from beginning to end, are precepts as useful for man as for the poet.

Let thy fortune be what it will, 'tis thy mind alone that makes thee poor or rich, miserable or happy.

Hope, and reserve yourself for prosperity.

The more you will know men, the less you will trust them.

Gold and silver are too heavy metals for him to carry that seeks heaven.

'Tis the mind not the place, that causes tranquillity.

If you would have your secret kept, keep it to yourself; and as it is very possible that your friend may one day or other become your enemy, take care not to put yourself in his power while he is your friend.

Fortune can take away my means, but not my mind.

Many a rich man through intemperance passes more bitter hours than many a prisoner or a galley slave.

There is no surer sign in the world of a little, weak mind, than inattention.

He that hath a trade has an estate.

'Tis a patient, quiet mind that gives true peace and content.

Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well.

He that hath a calling has an office of profit and honor.

If adversity hath killed his thousands, prosperity hath killed his tens of thousands.

Nothing can be done well without attention.

At the workingman's house hunger looks in but dare not enter.

We are slaves and servants the best of us all.

A man of sense sees, hears and retains everything that passes where he is.

Industry pays debts, while despair increaseth them.

Alexander was a slave to fear, Cæsar to pride, and Vespasian to money.

If you have any sagacity you may discover more truth by your eyes than by your ears.

Diligence is the mother of good luck.

We are all prisoners. What is our life but a prison?

People can say what they will, but they cannot look just as they will; and their looks frequently discover what their words are calculated to conceal.

God gives all things to industry.

Where may a man contemplate better than in solitariness?

If a man with whom you are but barely acquainted, to whom you have made no offers, nor given any marks of friendship, makes you, on a sudden, strong professions of his, receive them with courtesy, but do not repay them with confidence; he certainly means to deceive you, for one man does not fall in love with another at sight.

Plough deep while sluggards sleep,
And you shall have corn to sell and to keep.

That's a man's country where he is well at ease.

One today is worth two tomorrows.

Friends are everywhere to him that behaves himself well.

Have you somewhat to do tomorrow, do it today.

A prophet is not esteemed in his own country.

Be ashamed to catch yourself idle.

Without attention, it is impossible to remember; and without remembering, it is but time and labor lost to learn.

The cat in gloves catches no mice.

Modesty is a very good quality, and one that generally accompanies true merit.

Constant dropping wears away stones.

A free people cannot be too careful and jealous of their liberty.

By diligence and patience, the mouse ate in two the cable.

Memory depends upon attention; and your forgetfulness proceeds singly from a want of attention.

Little strokes fell great oaks.

Do what you are about and do that only.

Employ thy time well if thou meanest to gain leisure.

A little mind is always hurried by twenty things at once.

Since thou art not sure of a minute throw not away an hour.

A man of sense does but one thing at a time, and resolves to excel in it.

Trouble springs from idleness, and grievous toil from needless ease.

Everybody has ambition of some kind or other, and is vexed when that ambition is disappointed; the difference is, that the ambition of silly people is a silly and mistaken ambition, and the ambition of people of sense is a right and commendable one.

Many, without labor, would live by their wits only, but they break from want of stock.

A virtuous man under all the misfortunes of life still finds inward comfort and satisfaction, which makes him happier than any wicked man can be, with all the other advantages of life.

Industry gives comfort, and plenty, and respect.

Never be ashamed of doing what is right.

Fly pleasures, and they'll follow you.

Remember that to be civil, and to be civil with ease, is the only way to be

beloved and well received in company; that to be ill-bred and rude is intolerable, and the way to be kicked out of company.

Now I have a sheep and a cow, and everybody bids me good-morrow.

God helps them that help themselves.

Sloth shortens life.

Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears.

The used key is always bright.

Dost thou love life, then do not squander time, for that's the stuff life is made of.

The sleeping fox catches no poultry.

There will be sleeping enough in the grave.

Wasting of time is the greatest prodigality.

Lost time is never found again.

Time enough always proves little enough.

Sloth makes all things difficult.

Industry makes all things easy.

He that riseth late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night.

Laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes him.

Drive thy business; let not that drive thee.

Early to bed and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise.

Industry need not wish.

He that lives upon hope will die fasting.

There are no gains without pains.

Beware of a reconciled enemy.

He that can have patience, can have what he will.

The California Haunted House.

I was surprised that in a new country like California a haunted house could be found. Such is the case however. It is situated in Alameda county, on an eminence commanding a view of all the surrounding country. The history of the mansion is as sad as the the landscape about it is beautiful. The owner was a native of the State of Maine. He came to California in 1849, around the Horn. On his arrival he became interested in some newspaper routes, which at that time were very profitable, and when my informant arrived, in 1860, he owned a house on Nob Hill, in San Francisco, and was worth at least $70,000.

Weary of city life, he bought the acres on which the house was situated. The ranch charmed him on account of its beauty, and he proceeded to build a house worthy of the spot. He superintended its erection, and the frame was so strong that it could have been rolled about the country without material injury to its durability or usefulness. The house was built in octagon form, covered with concrete, and attracted attention on account of its original and picturesque appearance.

At last the weary man had found a place to rest; here his last days would be spent, and here he would enjoy what should accompany old age—

> "As honor, love, obedience,
> Troops of friends."

Who can tell when riches will take wings and fly away? An earthquake first destroyed the outward beauty of his charming home; a son-in-law had largely borrowed from the generous old man, and the interest on a mortgage kept eating day and night, as remorseless as an Indian's vengeance, as certain in its sweep as the reaper death.

No words can describe what the old man suffered—alone and unaided—for he would not tell his invalid wife his sorrows—her

race was nearly run, and it was not long ere he buried her under a favorite tree near the doomed home.

Still, his heart he kept, and endeavored to raise the money from his rich friends, so-called; but he learned, too late, that friends in need are few indeed, and where he was sure of assistance failure was his portion.

His loneliness was so intense that he longed for companionship, and finding a woman as lonely as himself, he proposed and was accepted, he having first told her his financial troubles.

The marriage was a serious blunder. The woman loved him not. Poverty she enjoyed not; and when at last the mortgage was foreclosed and she was forced to move away from the stately mansion and take up quarters in two small rooms her heart failed her, she wearied of the struggle, and one sad day she left the old man and went, he knew not whither; only he knew full well she would never return, unless he retrieved his fortune.

Thus deserted, the proud soldier of misfortune braced up for the battle. Not a complaint passed his closed lips. Six feet tall, straight as an Indian, haughty as a victorious chieftain, independent as a Puritan, calm as the eternal hills, he entered the new phase of life with all the philosophy of a Diogones, with the dignity and bravery of a Christian gentleman.

Without delay he moved to still humbler quarters, within sight of his former grand mansion. There he lived alone, doing his own cooking and his washing, with a cheerful heart. Yet, as he gazed out of his window and saw his former home, owned by strangers, a sigh may have sometime escaped, in spite of his manly pride. If such happened, the world never knew it, for he kept his sorrows to himself and walked the streets as one who had no apologies to make for the past, and looked forward to the future with unfaltering trust and undaunted hope.

He promptly secured work at his trade as a printer, being employed by one to whom, in his prosperous days, he had given his first California Sunday dinner. The aged typo had not followed his trade for forty years, so that his income was small; but few happier men trod the streets of San Francisco—for he was in good health, was free from debt, had learned to value the world

and its friendships for what they were worth, did not pine for wealth, envied not the rich, pitied the poor, and enjoyed a clear conscience. He had much leisure, and this was spent in reading and writing. He prepared several volumes of the genealogy of his family, which proved of great value to his descendants in after years.

Once being asked why his former residence was called the Haunted House, he replied: "Sometimes I could not resist the temptation of visiting the dear old spot. I generally selected a moonlight evening. The trees I had planted seemed to give me a welcome as sincere as the truest friend I had on earth; the flowers sent forth a perfume richer far than ever I had enjoyed when I was their guardian and protector, and the grass I had sown, and nurtured, and sprinkled seemed to nod its head in recognition of my kindness in the past, and the most expensive carpet that ever adorned the rich man's palace never gave greater comfort to weary feet than the lawn I lingered upon—it was as if it were velvet, and near the gate of heaven, it was so peaceful and all the surroundings were so dear and charming to me. If any one approached the deserted house I quietly glided away. Perchance some one may have seen me gazing from the windows, and knowing no one lived within its crumbling walls, circulated the rumor that it was haunted; and thus what the world learned to dread had been to me the dearest spot on earth—my home."

One day he alluded to the fact that the remains of his dear wife were buried on the estate he once owned; and he longed to have them removed to a more suitable resting-place. It was with great difficulty they could find the grave, but an old farmhand, who had assisted at the burial, located it at last; and the remains were removed to one of the most beautiful cemeteries that grace the Golden State. Thus the worn, tired body of one of the brave women who helped to found a great commonwealth on the Pacific shore found rest until the Judgment Day, when young and old, rich and poor, will receive their reward according to the deeds done in the body.

An indiscreet friend once expressed surprise at his happiness. "Why," he replied, "I am very lucky compared with some I know.

Look at that cashier in a bank who made $100,000 in a single year, speculating in real estate. He was receiving a salary of $200 a month, had a wife and four children, and was happy and contented. As soon as this lucky 'strike' was made he started to build a $10,000 house; but the architect induced him to buy a sidetable costing $1000; then the house was enlarged till it cost $30,000. Reaction came in real estate; a demand for money was made upon the speculator; he could not pay. The situation in the bank was lost. He never lived in his fine house, but hired a little cottage within two blocks of what proved his downfall. The poor fellow had nothing but bad luck ever after. He could not secure employment, and his brave wife was compelled to return to teaching school to prevent their children from starving."

Then the veteran philosopher smiled and said: "I never suffered like that. I am more like that cheerful woman who was chatting with a friend in the car, and related to her the fact that she had lost every cent in speculation; she had given up her grand mansion; sold her horses and carriages; discharged her servants, and was now doing her own housework. But, she added: "Did we not have a good time while it lasted!"

There was no limit to the incidents he could relate illustrating the vicissitudes of California life. To the end of his days he maintained that cheerful happy disposition; and few knew that he was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.

By invitation of a friend he made a visit to Seattle, and while there he was taken sick, and although he received every attention, his life could not be saved and his remains were interred among strangers.

The author has been so much interested in this brave old man's career that he trusts some reader of this volume may yet remove the remains to California and let them rest by the side of the one who did her part to make the California Haunted House very dear to the brave man who never forgot his New England teachings and was a type of an American citizen and a Christian gentleman.

California Millionaires.

There is a large clubroom located in a central part of San Francisco and overlooking a very pretty plaza, which is the resort of the very rich. I happened to be there at an opportune time. for they were discussing public affairs. One indiscreet man remarked that he believed they were over a volcano that must soon burst. Pale with rage, he said:

"Do you know that I attended a public meeting last Sunday evening. Here are a few of the sentiments displayed upon the walls:

When we have justice we shall not need charity.

If we have our rights we will need no favors.

If the men of money—the capitalists—find it necessary to organize, then have not the men of labor—the workers—even more reason to do so?

We demand the collective ownership of all the means of production and distribution.

Character should count for more than cash.

If you are not well dressed society is against you.

Excessive wealth is as demoralizing as extreme poverty.

Many a man who is poor in money is rich in principle.

The demagogues of the past are the demigods of the present.

The American Congress is a moss-covered museum of anitiquities.

Our children are becoming mere cogs in the wheels of industry.

The millionaire has as much too much as the tramp has too little.

Capitalism makes criminals of men. I would make men even of criminals.

I would rather be right with the minority than wrong with the majority.

Rockefeller's Standard Oil University is a pillared pile of public plunder.

The present day rule of business is might against right—cunning against conscience.

Government ownership of railroads is better than railroad ownership of government.

Under present conditions it doesn't pay to work. It pays better to work those who do.

If the arm of corporate greed could reach Old Sol there would be a meter on every sunbeam.

"The exercises were opened by singing these words—and they

were sung by the hundreds that were present with such force, vigor, enthusiasm and determination that I felt they meant what they said when they repeated over and over again that alarming chorus."

He then read in a clear and distinct voice the following, repeating the words of the chorus at the end of each verse:

MARSEILLAISE.

Ye workingmen, awake to glory!
  Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise—
Your children, wives and grandsires hoary—
  Behold their tears and hear their cries!
  Behold their tears and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants, mischiefs breeding,
  With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
  Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?

Chorus—To arms! to arms! ye brave! Th' avenging sword unsheath!
March on! March on! All hearts resolved on victory or death!
March on! March on! All hearts resolved on victory or death!

With luxury and pride surrounded,
  The vile, insatiate despots dare,
Their thirst of gold and power unbounded,
  To mete and vend the light and air—
  To mete and vend the light and air.
Like beasts of burden they would load us,
  Like gods would bid their slaves adore;
  But man is man, and who is more?
Then, shall they longer lash and goad us?
Chorus
O Liberty! can man resign thee,
  Once having felt thy generous flame?
Can dungeons, bolts and bars confine thee,
  Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
  Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept, bewailing
  That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield;
  But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.
Chorus

The audience was interested, for the reader, being no ordinary elocutionist, brought out the full force of the verses. They were

greeted with general merriment. One of the most aristocratic at last spoke out:

"Never fear them or any other like mob, we are safe. See what a large standing army we have; it will protect us from all harm. An undisciplined crowd can do nothing to oppose a well-drilled force."

"I don't know about that," replied the excited man—"the troops of America are unlike the troops of Europe; they are more independent, love freedom, despise oppression, and they will fight for their associates before they will fight for us. They have an idea in their minds that they are organized as a guard of honor to the Temple of Liberty. They will resist the encroachments of the insolence of wealth and the folly of the ignorant, and they will fight both as long as they think the Goddess of Liberty is in danger or the glory of the flag imperiled."

The tenor of the discussion was such that it showed that these rich men are ignorant of the punishment their arrogance may receive.

The conversation drifted upon the peculiarities of millionaires. One, while crossing the plains, was preceded by a large train, and at one of the rivers a substantial bridge was built. Our hero was in the train that followed the one that had been at the trouble and expense of building the bridge. He saw his opportunity and remained behind, collecting toll from the unfortunate ones who were compelled to cross the bridge. Even after he became a millionaire he remained unchanged, for a committee from a Sunday school of which his children were members, asked him for a contribution. He replied that he had just contributed to that cause. The committee was aware that he was not telling the truth, but retired. The next day they visited him and asked him for the name of the person to whom he gave his contribution. Realizing that he was cornered he made no reply, and handed the committee ten dollars. Yet at the time of his death the newspapers contained articles eulogizing his charitable acts.

Another millionaire made a practice of complaining to the restaurant-waiter, after he had drank half of his coffee, that it was either too weak or too strong, and in this way got a cup and a half

of coffee. It is said this poor-rich man met his death by climbing over a graveyard fence somewhere in Europe, thus avoiding the payment of a small fee charged for entering the grounds.

One millionaire, who owns one of the largest and best-paying buildings in San Francisco, has an immense paying dairy in an adjoining county, and an income of $40,000 a month from a small railroad of which he is the sole owner, declined to aid an aged couple—the husband being over eighty and the wife seventy-six, both infirm and destitute—replying, "Let some of the rich men of San Francisco help them." Yet he draws his revenue from San Francisco and spends it in New York. As the result of such mean acts it will be recorded of these men when they die: "They left millions behind them; but not one cent before them—for the shroud has no pockets."

One kind-looking man caused some amusement by relating how a young mechanic had the presumption to write to him, saying that the manager of his railroad would create a riot in the city before long, just because he made the men work seventeen hours a day, refused to pay taxes, and went after the newsboys as the English went after the Boers. He said he sent word to the mechanic that he would find him at his place of business; and the workingman replied by sending his own address, presuming he would condescend to call at the house of a poor workingman!

A frugal millionaire made it a custom never to pay a bill in full, always requiring a discount, no matter how just the account. In one case his carpenter bill amounted to $500. He offered the poor mechanic $350. He acknowledged the charges were correct; but he added: "All I will pay you is $350. It will cost you more than $150 to go to law, and I will keep you out of your money for years by appealing to the Supreme Court." Is it any wonder the millionaire was killed by one of his indignant creditors?"

A witty millionaire, owner of an immense business block, condescended to patronize a cigardealer, who was one of his tenants. The cigarman asked: "Will you have the same brand as your son uses?" "What is the price of those my boy uses?" "Twenty-five cents apiece," was the reply. "No," replied the rich man; "give me five for five cents. My boy has a rich father, and I have not."

All California millionaires are not mean. It was related how one rich family supported an old people's home; that one rich woman is the financial pillar of the University at Berkeley, and that she has a generous rival at Palo Alto.

At the close of the evening's discussion I was convinced that there was nothing fascinating, elevating or creditable in the lives of most of the so-called rich men of the State.

The Women of California.

Picture to yourself the most robust, straight, rosy cheeked, self-reliant, healthy human being on the face of the earth, and you have the California woman to perfection.

On the street and in the church she is fond of display, is a constant churchgoer, takes an active part in all charities, and fills to the letter the beautiful words of the Wise Man:

Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies.

The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil.

She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life.

She seeketh wool, and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands.

She is like the merchants' ships; she bringeth her food from afar.

She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens.

She considereth a field, and buyeth it: with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard.

She girdeth her loins with strength, and strengtheneth her arms.

She perceiveth that her merchandise is good: her candle goeth not out by night.

She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff.

She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy.

She is not afraid of the snow for her household: for all her household are clothed with scarlet.

She maketh herself coverings of tapestry; her clothing is silk and purple.

Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land.

She maketh fine linen, and selleth it; and delivereth girdles unto the merchant.

Strength and honor are her clothing; and she shall rejoice in time to come.

She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness.

She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness.

Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her.

Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all.

Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain: but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.

Give her of the fruit of her hands; and let her own works praise her in the gates.

But there is another class, quite numerous and I fear far more influential. They are called "The Sunday Picnic Girls." If anything they exceed their pious sisters in physical strength and beauty; they are skilled in swimming, boating, fishing and shooting; are immodest, rude and boisterous, and have a peculiar dare-devil way about them which makes them repulsive to the true gentleman. Devoid of all religious sentiment—save perhaps that they will not use meat on Good Friday—they spring both from Catholic and from Protestant families. When married they are kind to their children—the same as the bear is kind to her cubs; but their husbands are mere conveniencies, promptly put away when the wives are weary of them, or when they become unable to provide the necessaries of life. These girls are devoid of fear, and can face danger as coolly as the veteran on the battlefield. If the time ever comes that the people awake to the necessity of battling for their lost rights these Amazons of the Golden Gate will perform an important part in the struggle for liberty; and if the rich hope that the militia will protect their fading fortunes, they will rely on a broken reed—for these Joans of Arc of the twentieth century will capture the boys in blue as long as the love of a mother never wanes for her favorite son, and the love of woman rules the manly heart, whether it is covered with the broadcloth of wealth or with the rough garb of poverty.

The number of these women seen drunk on board the ferryboats and in the public streets is alarming, and it requires no prophet's power to foretell that the offspring of such a class will not only be a disgrace to their parents and a menace to good society, but will furnish an abundant crop for state prison and kindred institutions. But, worst of all, there is no concentrated effort being made to check this dissipation, and it is making rapid strides. What must the harvest be with such a sowing of wild oats! God pity the people when the storm breaks, as break it must.

An employment agent furnished me with the following interesting items:

It is difficult to ascertain the cause, but California girls seem to prefer working in shops and stores rather than as domestics in families. Too often they have been badly brought up. Their parents have permitted them to roam the streets at all hours of the day and night, not heeding who were their companions or where they spent their time. It is astonishing to see young schoolgirls attending theaters and other places of amusement with young fellows who often have no visible means of support, and remaining out until 12 and 1 o'clock at night. Is it any wonder that such girls weary of school discipline and take to the street, or secure employment where they can do as they see fit?

Good home influence is one of the crying needs of California. The genial climate does not induce the family to gather about the glowing fire, to read, and chat, and to learn to love and respect each other. But the little children play out on the streets until bedtime, and the quiet influences of home are too often unknown to the California maidens above described. Excitement and unrest seem to permeate society, and if some change does not take place the home and family altar, with all the holy influences that should elevate, purify and ennoble woman, will be a thing of the past.

Chinese and Japanese are largely employed in families as servants, at good pay; and, although it is felt that there is great danger in having such a class where girls compose a part of the household, yet the risk is run, because these foreigners prove very faithful, efficient servants, while it often seems impossible to secure good female help.

Consequently the white girls crowd the factories, stores, shops and restaurants; and they apply in such numbers that the employers are able to secure abundance of help at nominal wages—often as low as $2.50 per week. If the girls live in the suburbs at least 60 cents is spent in carfare. The hours worked are often outrageous. One case was mentioned where the girl commenced at 7:30 o'clock in the morning and worked until 6 o'clock; then she had one hour intermission, and was compelled to work until 12 o'clock every week-night. Sundays even, she worked from 7:30 until 12 noon. All she received was $2.50 per week.

What is still worse, the respect for woman is at such a low ebb

in this land that too often these poor girls, while searching for work, are subjected to the most outrageous insults. I question whether there are in any other part of the world such a numerous class of vile, low, degraded specimens of so-called men who are so ready to insult poverty and take advantage of defenseless women as on this coast.

In response to an advertisement which stated that a girl was wanted to do sewing, a pretty-faced girl presented herself in a certain store. The one in charge received her politely. The wages offered were $4 per week.

"But I cannot support myself and my mother on that small sum," said the girl.

The reply was: "I know you cannot; but you must do as these other girls do."

In her innocency she asked: "What do they do?"

The reply was so low that the poor girl fled in despair.

Another less impudent man asked an acquaintance to send to his office a widow who needed work. He did so. The woman was capable of filling the place. On meeting his friend he informed him that the applicant for work must be his mistress as well as his servant. He received a curse for a reply, and was lucky to escape with a whole body.

I have alluded to the great amount of drunkenness among the "Sunday Picnic Girls," but this practice is not confined to them alone. On one occasion a poorly clad woman was a candidate for admission to the Home of the Inebriate. Her guardian-angel had great difficulty in securing her admittance; for the resident physician remarked:

"Your friend is too poor. The institution is filled with rich women."

These society women cause many a young man to become a drunkard, for at the majority of social gatherings liquor is dispensed by fair hands, and if a young man declines he is made the butt of the hour, in place of being praised as a hero.

California mothers will curse the hour when their sons and daughters adopted the low, degrading habit of social tippling; for many a home is even now blighted by that gaunt, unrelenting enemy,

intemperance, which, if it ever becomes a household god, is sure to destroy the peace and happiness of all who cluster about the fireside.

Nor is this vice of drunkenness confined to the women who are extremely rich. School-teachers are not exempt from the accursed habit. In times past, even a principal of a young ladies' school was a notorious drunkard, yet she was able to retain her position from year to year—showing of what stuff some of the members of the Board of Education were composed.

The rich girls of California devote much of their time and means to charity. I think if the poor girls were willing to become house-servants they would be well treated by their rich sisters, enjoy good living, have comfortable rooms, and would find themselves surrounded with better influences than are to be found in the stores and workshops of a great city.

The chief fault that can be found with our California rich girls is that they either throw themselves away on some foreign titled weakling, buying their titles as they buy their jewels, or else they are captured by some New York genius—while the dear Native Sons are left out in the cold, and to drown their sorrows many fly to the races or the winecup, or are enticed to Dawson or Nome, and thus end their days as "bachelor sports" in the most comprehensive and saddest sense.

The manner in which funds were secured from the police to bribe a Legislature was in this wise: Each member of the police force was notified to appear before the clerk of the Police Commissioners. The member was informed of the urgent need of money to secure legislation favorable to the force. Pointing to an adjoining apartment, the entrance to which was covered with a curtain, the victim was told he could make his contributions to the cause in that sanctum sanctorum, and woe to him who worshiped at that secluded altar if his tithes were below the average.

All agree that these devotions in the Police Josh-house brought results that were beneficial to the generous donors—for the members are pensioned in their old age, besides receiving very generous salaries while on active duty. All these blessings were obtained by legislative enactments and without consulting the interests or the opinions of the taxpayers. Yet it is sad to record that some of these well-paid police officers partake of the well-roasted esculent of the peanut vender and the luscious fruit of the poor apple-man and forget to pay for the same; and what can these poor fellows do, when, in their ignorance, they think it is their duty to submit to this petty robbery, just because the men wear a star and represent the authority, if not the dignity, of the law. Even the bootblacks shine the boots of these noble men free of charge; and bow and scrape and gesticulate as if they were sorry the job was over, when in their hearts they curse these police bummers as they deserve.

It is but just to say that all the members of the force are not guilty of these mean acts; but a sufficient number practice this evil to make it worthy of the attention of the present Police Commissioners.

These, and like outrages, were developed and consummated by the continuance in office of a board of Police Commissioners who, having been appointed for the period of four years, by a technicality retained their positions for the term of twenty years. Not satisfied with this usurpation, when they were at last mustered out by the adoption of a new city charter they applied for pensions.

The following is the protest of an indignant citizen to this presumptuous pension application:

Californians have their faults; but they are never mean. No true Californian will ever steal corn from a blind hog, or take the coppers from a dead man's eyes; but I think neither of these acts is one-half so mean as the attempt of these ex-commissioners to deplete the pension fund of the police of the city. The poor blind hog might possibly find food elsewhere; the dead man would never miss the coppers from his eyes; but many a poor widow and orphan would mourn the loss of the dollars these pure, generous, whole-souled ex-Police Commissioners are striving to secure for their personal benefit.

It would have added greatly to the passage of the pension bill if its advocates had stated that it was intended, among other things, to provide money for men who live in palaces on Nob Hill, who are presidents of banks, whose incomes probably exceed $3000 per month, who have been paid $26,000 in one case and $42,000 in another, averaging from $15 to $20 per hour for the services they pretended to render as Police Commissioners; who never worn a star or donned a policeman's uniform; whose physical condition is such that if ordered to go on the "double-quick" from the City Hall to Nob Hill would get exhausted before they had proceeded three blocks; and if they chanced to reach the Hill they would each have apoplexy and the coroner would decide their pension days were over!

There is meanness that words cannot describe, and the attempt of these mercenary wretches to destroy the pension fund of men who take their lives in their hands in the performance of their duty, is one of that class. Such men are beneath the notice of honest men, and are execrated by the poor widows and orphans whom they are attempting to defraud.

Now, consider their position:

1. They have never paid one cent towards a fund they desire to share.
2. They never endangered their lives for the public welfare.
3. The pension fund law was never intended for their benefit.
4. It was never intended they should leave their Nob Hill palaces and get in line with the widows and orphans of deceased policemen to receive a portion of the pension fund.

It is but fair to say their petition was denied; but the fact remains that they made the attempt to get a portion of a fund to which they were not entitled and demeaned themselves in the eyes of all honest citizens.

One of the evils of the police force is its subserviency to the railroad. In other cities it is the custom for the railroad to furnish guards at the different street-crossings where railroad travel is the densest; but in San Francisco the city kindly relieves the railroad

of the expense by furnishing policemen without charge to the corporation.

It would be well if it ended here; but it goes further, as will be seen by the following incident:

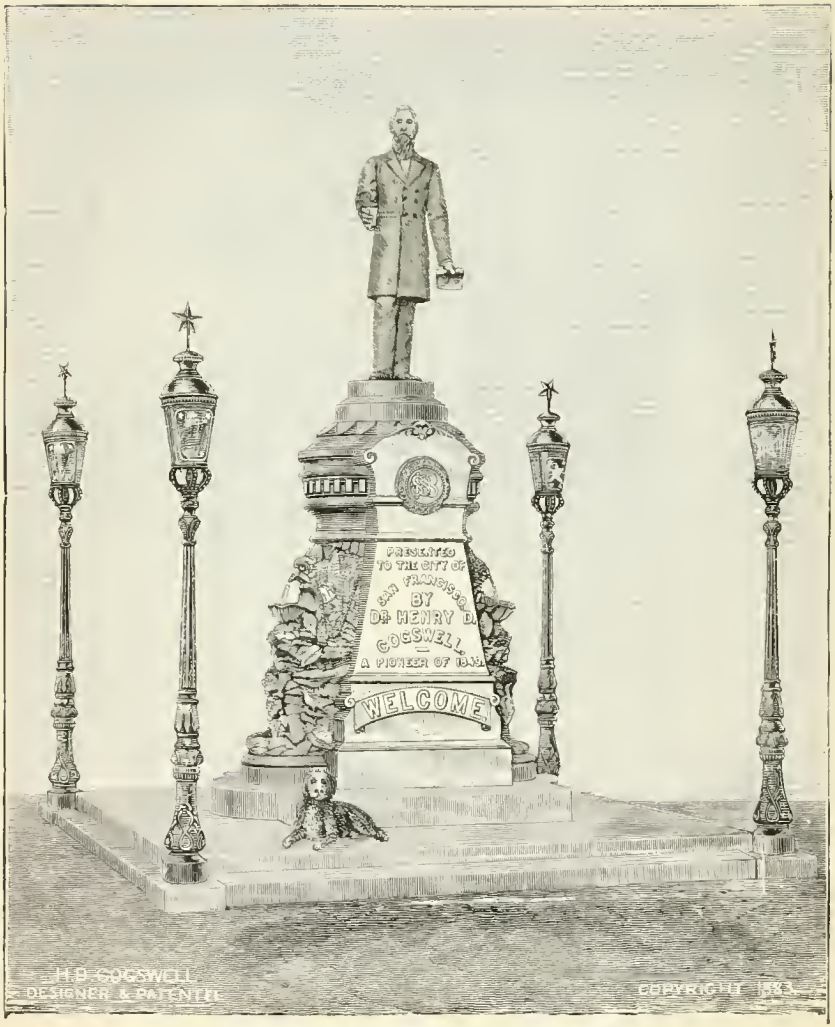
An employe of the railroad was discharged in Arizona. He was entitled to be landed in San Francisco. He boarded a train, but the orders were to not carry him; so he was thrown out on the desert. Unless one has crossed those dreary wastes, he cannot conceive of the sufferings of this poor fellow; suffice it to say that when found his tongue was so swollen that his rescuers had to put his feet in water before they dared to let him drink.

At last he reached San Francisco. He was determined to have justice. That article is difficult to procure when one is sick and poor and a stranger; but this sufferer had determination, and so, as a peddler, he stood on the sidewalk in front of the great railroad building. This must not be permitted; for ere long the world would know the wrongs he had suffered—and even such a corporation fears the righteous indignation of the public. This Lazarus must be removed, and that right suddenly.

One of the railroad detectives—who had already killed his man, and was well known as a hardened, degraded ruffian—undertook to remove this man who knew his rights, and knowing dare maintain them. The gallant, brave champion of the railroad proposed to make short work of it. Taking the poor peddler by the throat, he dragged him along the street until he reached the corner of the railroad building, where he dashed the unresisting man's head against the granite wall. This incident occurred at two o'clock in the afternoon, on one of the crowded thoroughfares of the city and in the presence of at least two hundred persons; yet, not a policeman could be found! although a half dozen are usually on duty at this point. Was it an accident that they were all absent at that particular time?

To prove how cowed the people of the city are, the following is added:

Some two hundred persons witnessed the outrage, yet when an appeal was made for witnesses, but one, out of the two hundred, volunteered to appear and testify in court. The railroad ruffian



Dr. H. D. Cogswell's Fountain. (Page 45.)
The following are the Doctor's words: "Destroyed by the Whisky Interests."

was convicted and the considerate Judge fined the offender the immense sum of fifty dollars. Thus the law is administered when railroad detectives appear as criminals before courts of justice!

I chanced to be present at a committee meeting of the San Francisco Board of Supervisors when they had under discussion the propriety of removing a fountain which had been presented to and accepted by the city. Some drunken men from one of the fashionable clubs of the city had destroyed a portion of the fountain; their names were known to the police, yet no arrests were made. The fountain was not repaired. Fifteen or twenty leading business men, accompanied by an attorney, were present, and used their influence with the committee to cause the removal of the fountain. On the other hand, one woman, representing the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and two private citizens alone protested against the outrage. They argued that such an act would encourage lawlessness in the city; that the damage had been done by drunken men; that if they had a right to deface one monument that right extended to these drunkards the privilege to destroy all property that did not happen to please their drunken artistic tastes, so that nothing would be safe. As guardians of the city they were appealed to not to encourage such lawlessness.

The appeal was in vain. The fountain was removed. Drunken rowdyism was encouraged, even by the city fathers!

What wonder then, that in San Francisco the law is so often defied. That arrests for drunkenness amount to 12,800 in a year. That policemen are attacked by young hoodlums, and the public welfare is endangered in many ways. It is not difficult to foretell the fate of a city where contracts, made in good faith by one of the great philanthropists of the age, are broken at the behest of so-called merchant princes, and endorsed by the legislative action of the Mayor and Board of Supervisors.

Better times are coming. A new Board of Police Commissioners are installed, who have the confidence of the community. It will take time to reform a force made corrupt by twenty years of misrule; but the work of reformation has commenced, and soon

San Francisco will have a police force of which her citizens will be justly proud.

Our chat ended; the policeman and myself drank each other's health at one of the mineral springs and parted on the square, never to meet again; for death soon claimed the poor fellow; and he no more paces his beat midst storm and sunshine, for he is mustered out.

Interview with a Sexton.

One day I was wandering along Montgomery street when I met a veteran sexton; and this is what he said about the ministers:

We have some of the grandest men in the pulpit here that ever graced the sacred desk; and we have some of the biggest rascals that ever graduated from the University of Vice. The great trouble is that California is considered a Clerical Reform School. The black sheep of the East and foreign countries are sent here, hoping that this land of fruit and sunshine will cause them to strive for the bliss of Paradise in place of the sorrows of Hell. They never reform, but become worse; and what I do not like is, notwithstanding their vicious lives, the Assembly will give them a clean bill and send them rejoicing to other fields.

Most of these wanderers from the gates of Zion are troubled with intemperance. It is the worst place on earth to send one, to this coast, in order to wean him from the cup. The climate and the usages of society all tend to make the drunkard continue in his evil ways; and I question whether one ever reformed who came to this coast a drunkard. While on the other hand, many who were workers in the temperance cause in the East, soon cease to plead for temperance, and attempt to drown the thoughts of the past in sparkling wine.

I have in my mind one who boasted he was not only a teetotaler, but used to make addresses in favor of temperance. At the present time he drinks his wine, encourages its use among his clerical associates, and even lately refused to sign a petition to Congress prohibiting the sale of liquor to the Indians!

Another clerical brother secured the affections of a rich widow, even before he attempted to secure a divorce from his wife; and as his life partner refused to agree to a separation, he deemed it best to resign from the ministry.

A very devout clerical brother shocked his sexton very much in

this way: It was the custom of the minister to remove his hat as soon as he entered the church, and when passing the altar to make the sign of the cross. To the astonishment of the sexton, he beheld his pastor, who supposed no one was observing him, enter the church one day smoking a cigar; the cigar was not removed, the hat remained untouched, and the altar was not saluted! It is needless to say that that black sheep remained the same, notwithstanding his "high" church proclivities.

But the conscientious sexton said it would be wrong to convey the impression that a majority of the ministers are thus degraded; but there are enough to make the cloth looked upon with suspicion.

One of their headquarters is always so filled with the fumes of tobacco smoke that a stranger would naturally suppose he was entering a low barroom, in place of the meeting place of men dedicated to elevate and benefit the human race.

Our church buildings are a credit to San Francisco.

Intellectually, the ministers are far below the average, with of course, some exceptions. They are policy men, not leaders. They are "all things to all men; neither hot nor cold:" time-servers to corporations; many of them accept and use railroad passes—thus they are prevented from protesting against the outrageous abuses that are threatening the liberties of the people.

The following is an illustration of the crude habits of some of the ministers: I noticed one wearing a hat similar to an inverted tin washbasin—that quaint remnant of the middle ages. He was going upon the ferryboat. Out of curiosity I followed him. Seating himself with sports, blacklegs, Italians, Chinamen and others from parts unknown, he took out of his pocket a little black pipe, and made himself at home amid filth and dirt that usually make a white man sick. He had the right to enter the well-furnished saloon of the upper deck, where neatness, comfort and respectability reigned; but he preferred the wallow of the lower deck. Some time afterwards I saw that same man with the inverted tin-basin hat in one of the corridors of a leading hotel, smoking his little black pipe in the face of a clerical superior.

I inquired of an Irishman who that free-and-easy minister was. He replied: "That is the viry, VIRY, VIRY Riverend Arch—

divil if I can remember all his title. I know it's longer than his purse and bigger than his salary, God bliss him!"

But, my friend, there are still some brave souls in Californian pulpits, as the following extract will prove, which I cut out of a newspaper:

There are a great many empty pews in churches of every denomination. The dives, beer halls, dance halls, theaters and billiard rooms do not lack Sunday congregations. There are no empty pews in these places.

The preaching of the gospel has become too much a matter of business for what there is in it, and many able preachers only feel called to a higher salary.

One of the first requisites to do vigorous work is vigorous health. No athlete of the Roman arena ever needed better bone or blood, nerve and sinew, than the man who enters the Christian ministry today. The day is past when dyspepsia and heavenly mindedness were synonymous terms. One reason why the Apostles preached such powerful sermons was that they had plain, wholesome food. These early ministers were never invited out to late suppers with chicken salad, doughnuts and ice-cream. Nobody embroidered slippers for the big foot of Simon Peter, or presented Paul with a velvet dressing-gown and a gold-headed cane. These men had vigorous brains because they had healthy blood.

One of the sad thoughts in connection with the Christian ministry today is that the ranks are filled with young men who are the sons of poverty, whose training is carried forward amid the most unfavorable surroundings for vigorous health. The theological student lives at a cheap boarding-house, whose bill of fare is eternally at war with a heathy stomach. And, after years of such depletion that comes from light feeding and heavy work, he steps gasping into the pulpit, so heavenly pale that the mothers of Israel are afraid that he will evaporate with his first sermon.

What is the effect of this class of ministers on the people?

The churches are filled with women; but few men are seen in the pews. The struggle for the daily bread for these ministers goes on, and they are kept from the poorhouse, but they have no more influence for good than the murmuring wind; for—

Human strength and human greatness
Spring not from life's sunny side;
Heroes must be more than driftwood
Foating on a waveless tide.

What a contrast do these poor, weak, God-forsaken ministers present to the grand, brave men who filled the pulpits of New

England in the days of 1776! Is it any wonder that the Sabbath is desecrated to a surprising degree?

When parting from the aged sexton, I wondered at his quoting poetry; but I have since found that Californians of all classes are fond of true poetry, and appreciate its beauty and force.

A San Francisco Sunday.

The manner in which Sunday is spent by any people is a good index of the religious sentiments prevailing in the community. Judged from that standpoint, San Francisco is far from being a religious city. Saturday night is usually devoted to theatergoing and kindred amusements; so that there are few like the Italian bootblack who goes to bed at 1 o'clock in the morning, rises at 6, goes to early mass and is at work at 7. But any delay in rising is made up during the day. In the picnic season the cars are crowded with the notorious picnic girls and their saintlike companions, bound for some country resort. The public park and the Cliff House and its surroundings are favorite resorts. The magnitude of the travel may be realized in a measure when we consider that the Market-street system alone often takes in more than $13,000 in 5-cent pieces on a pleasant Sunday. The time is spent in witnessing balloon ascents, swimming races, lion shows, great vaudeville performances, etc. On Sunday afternoon and evening the theaters are in full blast.

As a rule, those confining their amusements to the Park and seashore are husbands and wives with their families, and they are well-behaved and return to their homes in an orderly manner. But if you wish to see the effect of a Sunday picnic, get on board a ferryboat on the Oakland side towards evening. The hoodlum spirit reigns. The girls and their companions are alike indecent and drunk; extra policemen are required to preserve order; and Mother Eve would have cause to blush at the condition of her fallen daughters and Adam would disown his dissipated and degraded sons.

There is another side to this picture. At early morn the bells of the Catholic Church summon the faithful to prayers, and the summons is not unheeded. The churches are filled to overflowing, and this continues until noon. At evening the same scene is repeated.

The Protestants make even greater efforts to guide the multitude to the better way, but are not as successful. Their pews, as a rule, are but poorly filled, and in many cases nine-tenths of the congregation are women; this is particularly so in some of the churches since the introduction of ritualistic ceremonies, which please the women, but disgust the men. The Young Men's Christian Association holds a Bible Class in the morning and meetings on Sunday afternoon; and the Salvation Army does efficient work.

Still, the tide is the other way, and it will require an earthquake shock of calamity or Gabriel's trumpet call to arouse such a lucky-go-easy, amusement-loving, devil-may-care people as fill the streets of San Francisco, before they will awake to the fact that the way of transgressors is hard. This can never be accomplished until those in the pulpit take a step forward, cease to be policy men, and fully realize that to preach the gospel is something higher and nobler than to draw good salaries and tickle the ears of the congregation. They must take the lead in every good work, insist on a Sunday law and see that is enforced; and, above all, so live that they will command the respect, confidence and goodwill of all who hear them. Until this is accomplished, there is no hope for San Francisco, and its Sundays will continue to be noted for amusements and dissipation hardly equaled for degradation in the civilized world.

Conference with a Member of the Third House.

I once had a conference with a member of the Third House.

It was the strangest gathering I ever attended. We met in a gay bachelor's quarters, near Nob Hill. The supper was excellent and all present enjoyed it heartily, save one, and he was a member of the Third House of the last California Legislature.

There were good reasons why he was not happy. During the session of the Legislature he had entered into an agreement with a majority of the members of the Senate that no bill should pass until it was referred to a finance committee which had full power to decide how much tariff each bill would bear. There was but one instance known where this contract was not kept, and in this case the other side made a larger bid. The amount received by the twenty-one senators belonging to the combine approximated $7,000 each, making a total steal of nearly $147,000.

According to the contract, the originator of this scheme was to receive 10 per cent. The treasurer of this fund—late a defeated candidate for United States Senator from California—received no compensation for his services, but did his best to carry out the iniquitous contract.

Some of the senators, believing the originator of the plan would not dare to enforce his claim, refused to pay the 10 per cent; so suit was brought in the Superior Court of San Francisco.

Out of revenge, these indignant senators were using their best efforts to land the plaintiff in this suit in States Prison; and he had resolved if he went there these statesmen would be his companions. He had come to this gathering to tell all he knew; and few men in California were more familiar with the lights and shadows of the Third House of the California Legislature than this nervous, excited man, who felt that he was in great danger of receiving just punishment for work done and performed during its last session.

We adjourned to the parlor and remained there till long after

midnight, listening to the way this legislative corruption is carried on.

A case was mentioned where a county was territorially dismembered, as the result of legislation procured only by means of bribery. Part of the bribe was a promissory note for $20,000, held on deposit in a bank, its payment to await the ultimate success of the measure.

This member of the Third House was familiar with the different ways in which bills were passed.

Sometimes the railroad representatives ascertained whether members of the Legislature had personal notes out. If so, they got possession of them and held them over the members' heads, compelling them to vote as desired. He detailed a case that occurred in his presence at the rooms of one of the railroad officials, corner of Fourth and Townsend streets. The railroad officials had tried in vain to corrupt this member; at last these corporation thieves had secured a note that he could not pay. Describing the scene, our informant said the corrupt railroad official looked like a fiend as he held the note in his hand, his eyes burning with revenge, and uttering these words: "We have got him now! We have got him now!"

To prevent detection in case of bribery, no writing is used; and the clerk of one of the senators boasted he could go to the railroad office and without a stroke of a pen get as much as $20,000 at a time to be used in corrupting members of the Legislature.

Another practice is to place, say, $1000 in a desk in the presence of the agent; then be suddenly called away, and on the return of the railroad official, both the agent and the $1000 would be gone—and who could say what had become of the money?

One senator they could not bribe. So a lewd woman was hired to represent herself as a widow in distress. He agreed to take a room in her house in order to assist her; but in some way he discovered the plot that had been arrranged to ruin him, and they failed in their vile effort.

If the vote is close and they cannot bribe a member they will hire some one to cause him to be absent at the time of voting by making some bogus business engagement.

This member of the Third House convinced the party by his

conversation that he was no novice in the customs and ways of legislation at Sacramento. It was pitiable to see his nervous condition, for he fully realized that he was in great danger of ending his days in prison; and if his partners in crime had witnessed the mental agony endured by this man they would realize that he had fearfully earned all they could give him, without putting him to the expense, trouble and anxiety of bringing a suit for the same.

The guilty fellow never reached the penitentiary; for his health was shattered—the ordeal of that gathering at the bachelor's rooms was too much for his nerves; he disappeared forever from the public gaze, passed a few unhappy months in sickness and despair, and now fills an unforgotten grave.

Only two of those guilty senators were re-elected, and one of those would never have been returned, but that he was the willing tool and servant of the railroad. And he too has joined his fellow-criminal, and left behind him a dismal record.

It is to be hoped that this record of the wages of crime may teach those who are tempted to betray their trust that the paths of dishonesty are paths of thorns, and that money secured by such means eateth like a burning fever and biteth like a fiery serpent.

Lights and Shadows of California Life.

Californians—you cannot help liking them. Healthy, strong, vigorous, hopeful, jolly, erect in body; apparently models of all that one would desire to develop a noble, manly race. Yet how deceitful appearances sometimes are.

As a rule, Californians are generous to a fault—free-and-easy, happy-go-lucky; thinking little of the future if they have enough today; having many of the characteristics of the Spanish race, and fast accumulating what they have not already acquired; passionately fond of dancing, sports, gambling, holidays, speculating—anything, in short, that will give excitement and add to their enjoyment.

They are not fond of the restraints of school or college; but ready to earn money with the zest of a miser, that they may use it with the freedom of a spendthrift. As a class, they have made no record in the literary world; they are not statesmen, and few have any knowledge of the science of government. Nor are they familiar with the rights of American citizens; and they are gradually losing these rights by their ignorance, indolence and indifference.

This is well illustrated by the conduct of the University of California students. Many of these young men reside in San Francisco, and so are compelled to ride in the cars. In most cases the accommodations furnished by the railroad are so limited that these sons of learning are compelled to run like wild animals in order to secure seats; and if not successful in their efforts are compelled to stand like dumb driven cattle. Now, under like circumstances, our Harvard College boys would make such a commotion that the corporation would furnish cars enough to accommodate all, or those furnished would be so treated by the indignant sons of Bunker Hill that it would be difficult to run them. Yet the young Californians submit without a murmur,

and thus they encourage railroad greed and bow their necks to corporation tyranny.

California boys soon leave school—too often with the consent of their parents—in order to earn money. You will see more newsboys who are the sons of well-to-do parents peddling newspapers on the streets of San Francisco than in any other city in the world; and you will see these same boys on the public streets under the noses of the policemen, gambling away the money thus earned. It is difficult to get boys to remain in one place long enough to learn a trade. Too often they acquire bad habits in telephone and telegraph offices, which to the youth of this city are little better than schools of vice, for it is disgraceful to see these young lads carrying liquor to houses of ill-fame at all hours of the day and night.

As young men, Californians are usually attentive to business, but rather inclined to live beyond their means. The unlawful appropriation of money is not an unusual crime, and the number of cases of this kind that are compromised is surprising—for it is found that if the criminals are prosecuted the standing of the firm is injured, and so it is deemed best to hush it up. In this way crime thrives, and it is not surprising that one individual was enabled to rob three different firms with impunity. Betting on the races is one great cause of these crimes.

The respect due to women is very deficient in these young men. In the streetcars it is the old men who are the first to offer their seats to ladies—the others follow the example of Mark Twain: "Whenever he sees a lady standing in the car he looks out of the window and blushes for his country." Yet when one notices fond mothers preventing their sons from offering their seats to poor, tired working women, it is not difficult to discover the cause of that lack of knightly gallantry which ever characterizes the true gentleman.

This want of respect for women is very noticeable when these young men hold assemblies in country towns—for they are sure to ruin the happiness of many an innocent girl, and their drunkenness has even been censured by their leaders.

It would be unjust to convey the impression that all the young

men of California are devoid of manly and christian qualities—for those who are religious seem to endeavor, by their untiring efforts, to make up for the sins of their less worthy brothers. When you find a good man in California he is superlatively good. There is no half-way with a native son. He is very much a saint or very much a sinner.

The business men are industrious, keen and generally honorable, taking little or no interest in public affairs; see very little of their families; are good providers; willing to help the poor; but badly cramped by the railroad company.

The all-important question of their lives and the motive power which controls their business career is policy. Ask them to protest against some public outrage, and they reply: "It is not business policy for me to protest. I will secretly aid you with my means, but I fear it will injure my business if it becomes known that I am using my influence in that way." So the wrongs increase; vice reigns unrestrained; the city is injured and its growth checked—all because its merchant princes deem it policy to remain silent, when a bold protest would destroy the evil and promote the public welfare.

One prominent merchant declared he would like to see the corporation try to examine his books—for it was a custom of the railroad to require every San Francisco merchant to agree in writing that their books could be examined at any time that the company saw fit, in order that it could ascertain if its patrons lived up to their agreement. So it was thought that this brave rich merchant would be willing to lead the fight for justice. But no. When asked to aid in the protest, he replied: "I do not deem it policy to antagonize the railroad."

What is the result of this policy? San Francisco is like a deserted mining town. Its growth is checked. Its manufacturing fires are quenched. Its merchants stoop like beggars, instead of standing erect like men. From the eighth city in the Union it is reduced to the twelfth, and one of the leading papers thus correctly portrays the situation:

This city has not been growing as it should, and at most is not likely to show over 350,000 inhabitants. It will, therefore, have to take a back seat among the big cities of the country, and probably will fall to the twelfth place·

There is, however, no mystery about the cause. It is known to everybody who has thought about the subject or talked with those engaged in trade and production. It is due, more than anything else, to the President and chief owner of the Southern Pacific Company. He has run the Southern Pacific for wholly different purposes than those of building up the trade or manufactures of San Francisco. His policy has hampered the trade of this city. He has carried out inexorably the hard principle, "charge all the traffic will bear," and has pushed the principle so far that shippers have often done business at a loss. Consequently, they have ceased to be shippers and have gone out of business. He has had the sole railroad line entering this city, and has been able to deal with our people as he pleased. "If you don't like the way we do business you can get off and walk," has been the spirit in which his company has run the transportation of the state. It has used its power to the end of getting the last possible dollar out of trade and production. If the trade would not pay it, so much the worse for the traders. They could go out of business if they did not like it—and many of them had to.

No doubt he has made money at his game. It has been more to his immediate profit to get the long haul from the East than the local haul from San Francisco. So he has done what was in his power to strangle manufactures and industries here, and to have the wants of the state supplied at a distance. And to aid in carrying out his policy he has bought politicians, debauched newspapers, browbeat and terrorized merchants, and bribed Legislatures.

A daily paper furnishes the following, which is the experience of a San Francisco collector:

A larger number of people in San Francisco are in debt for the luxuries of life than in any other city of equal size in the United States.

The reason for this is a mistaken ambition—a desire to make a display in the world without the means to afford such display. It is because of the remarkable prevalence of extravagant tastes among our people that so large a proportion of the population is head over heels in debt, while the business of the local collection agencies increases almost daily.

Vanity is at the root of this evil—if it can be called an evil to contract bills that the purchaser knows will never be paid. In fact, there is a class of people in this community who deliberately defraud dealers in their attempts to keep up a style of living which they cannot afford.

The result of this wrong is not felt by the buyers. As a rule they have no consciences to trouble them. It reacts upon the unlucky merchant, who in good faith has given them credit. No one knows how many hundreds of thousands of dollars are lost yearly to local tradesmen, because the money that should have been paid them for furnishing the necessities of existence has been diverted into channels of unwarranted extravagance—such as the maintenance of a carriage and servants, the wearing of fine clothing and jewelry, and the use of elegant furniture procured on credit.

These people, and there are thousands of them, go through life without

allowing the complaints of creditors to disturb their enjoyment. It does not in the least annoy them if they have a string of collectors at their heels. Merchants can whistle for their money—such is the ease with which this class regards a situation that should be most embarrassing.

There can be but one result of all this improvidence, and that is an old age dependent upon public or private charity.

The people of San Francisco are divided into four classes:

Class one includes the very wealthy, who give the collectors no trouble.

Class two is the one with which we have the most trouble. To this class belong the men who get good salaries and squander their incomes in high living, gambling on the races, or in other reckless ways. A majority of them don't pay their bills, because they wish to be recognized as belonging to class number one, and so they live continually beyond their means. In class two are the United States government, state, city and county government employees It is impossible to bring them to terms, because they are exempt by law from being garnisheed. This privilege is shamefully abused by them. An average of six out of ten hypothecate their salary every month to brokers at three to five per cent.

If any one doubts the statement that the salaried class leads the fastest existence, and is the worst pay of any class in town, let him go to the poolrooms and the race track and investigate for himself. From the clerk with $40 per month income to the fat-salaried fellow with a strong political pull, the observer will find them in their favorite haunts—anywhere, almost, but at the savings banks.

In striking contrast is class three, represented by the industrious, progressive, plainly dressed portion of the community—the unpretentious, prudent people. These are not found in the gay haunts of pleasure, or at the race track. They are mostly at work, or in line at the depositors' window of the savings banks. When misfortune overtakes them we extend time on payments as much as we can.

The fourth is the class in the poorest circumstances—the poverty-stricken and generally unfortunate. With these the collector is always as lenient as possible. They are honest in their intention to pay, but through illness or lack of work utterly unable to do so. Sometimes we collect from them as little as 25 or 50 cents a month until a debt is canceled.

The women of San Francisco are better dressed as a rule than in any other city I have known. This is because a vast number of them plunge into debt rather than go simply clad. When a woman wants expensive things to wear, she will get them—thanks to the installment system.

Women are simply infatuated with the installment plan of buying things. There are some 1500 solicitors abroad throughout the city daily, selling everything conceivable on the installment plan, from a birdcage to a sealskin sack, an album to a diamond ring. And the women bite at the bait—oh, how easily

they bite! It may be a clock that plays "Marguerite," or a tailor-made gown —but, whatever it is, it goes.

In the desire to possess what they fancy, they don't give a thought to a day of reckoning. A collector can wear his shoes out in a chase for payment after they have secured what they want to use and wear. It is a common occurrence for a woman to pay $1 deposit on a gown and $1 a week afterward; or $5 on a $65 gown. Usually their wardrobes are worn threadbare before paid for—unless credit can be obtained on other clothes in the meantime.

San Francisco men are not good dressers, but they buy suits on the installment plan, the same as the women, and most of them care very little whether they are ever paid for. As for the tailoring firms, they figure that they can afford to lose 33⅓ per cent on their collections. A suit that sells for $15 or $20 costs, say, $6.75 or $8 at the most. If collections cover cost, they are not losers. If the clothes are paid for they are gainers by the difference between the manufacturing and selling prices. Merchants dealing for cash are forced to compete with the installment firms in order to get trade.

During the holidays I saw men and women in the jewelry stores buying gifts—on credit—whom my men had been after for a year to collect bills for Christmas presents bought in '98.

Vanity is the ruling passion with most San Franciscans. Were it not for vanity, the collection business would languish.

One of the shadows in this state is the record of those who are styled ex-Madams.

It may be the climate; it may be the many lodging-houses and family-hotels; it may be the cosmopolitan population; it may be the lack of religious training; it may be the open defiance of the laws of God and man; it may be the lack of respect for woman; it may be the general disruption of society—but from whatever cause, the fact remains that divorce is looked upon here with a degree of complacency unknown to other parts of the civilized world. For the slightest causes and in the most secret manner, judges grant divorces, with the greatest alacrity—as if they were conferring a benefit on society—thus destroying homes, scattering children, removing the old landmarks of society, and ignoring the laws of God.

In the majority of cases the man is to blame. His drunkenness, dissipation, neglect, cruelty or desertion are the causes of the trouble. Yet these outrages are not impediments to the offender continuing in business or entering society.

If you desire to carry out Lord Chesterfield's admonition to

never say anything that you think can be disagreeable to any one in company, you will avoid alluding, in California society, to ex-madams, for the crop is large, constantly increasing, and the gossip's tongue may hurt unknowingly the chief entertainer of the gathering—for, of all places on earth, in this land of wealth and wonders silence is golden.

There is a legend that sometimes the wayward California husband, unable to obtain a divorce, insults his family by introducing into the household his mistress; and it is said that this has never failed to bring misfortune. The wife sickens and dies of a broken heart. The mistress is in due time made the wife; and day and night she hears strange noises; her nerves give way; the wind moans with a peculiar wail about the windows of her home; she moves from place to place, but the wail follows her, and often she ends her days in an insane asylum. It is said, too, the husband loses his grip and in his old age poverty is his portion. The law of God is never broken with impunity; and the evil one is sure to claim his own.

There are few people who have done so much good with their means as the better class of Californians. Many of the pioneers came for the noble purpose of bettering the condition of their parents. And the first "strike" they made was promptly sent to the loved ones at home. If fortune varied its favors and poverty took the place of plenty the home remittance was continued as long as possible; when compelled to stop, despair reigned, and the broken-hearted, generous soul, realizing that the old folks at home were looking in vain for the usual monthly allowance, would attempt to drown his sorrow in the winecup, or give up the unequal fight and die.

It was wondered why a certain doctor dressed so poorly, and he was classed as a miser; but accidentally it was discovered that he was supporting a deceased brother's wife and five children residing in the East.

A rich woman was censured for her want of generosity; yet she was stinting herself that poor relatives might enjoy the necessaries of life.

The worthy poor are never left to suffer in California, for, as a rule, the Californian has known by experience the pangs of poverty.

He may be blunt; he may seem harsh; he may be reckless with his money; he may not pay his honest debts sometimes; but the poor will receive his last cent if really suffering—for the Californian is a hopeful man—he ever sees better times before him, if he has not lost his grip altogether; then it is so dark, so dreadful, so hopeless that the grave is welcomed as the only retreat for his weary soul.

A prosperous broker, when informed that one of his unfortunate associates had secured a permit to go to the Almshouse, was asked if he had done anything to prevent it. He replied: "Yes; it is all arranged that he shall receive $50 per month—and," he whispered, "we are only going to let a *few* in!" as if it were a very choice investment.

There are many things that are unique in California political life—for instance: In San Francisco it is the custom to divide the principal offices between the two great political parties. If a Republican is elected, his chief deputy will be a Democrat. If a Democrat wins the laurels, a Republican shares the victory and the spoils. The Scriptures are fulfilled, for the lion and the lamb lie down together. Undoubtedly there is some strong organization that brings this about, for it is surprising how uniformly the pendulum swings from one side to the other. One man is defeated for nomination because he opposed the New City Charter; another is a still stronger opponent of that instrument, yet he not only secures the nomination, but is elected by an extra large majority.

It is wonderful how each nationality—save the American—is provided for in the selection of a political ticket. The Irish vote, the German vote, the Italian vote, even the railroad vote, receive prayerful consideration, and the political heavens will fall if these different factions do not receive due recognition and are not permitted to partake of the bounty provided at the public crib.

Business Chances in California.

Because California possesses the marvelous Golden Gate, has been styled the Land of Gold and crowned the Golden State, the world at large has received the impression that all that is required of the members of the human family is to wander to these golden-named shores, and gather up the precious metal as you would wild flowers in the field, or shells on the sea beach.

In every blade of grass, every leaf on the trees, everywhere you tread, whether in the noisy city, the quiet vales or breezy mountain tops, in the air or in the bowels of the earth, in every place conceivable or inconceivable, they hope to find what the miser cherishes and the spendthrift longs for—gold, GOLD, GOLD!

The sooner these romantic ideas of California are dissipated, the sooner the human race will be benefited.

It is indeed a goodly land; the ablest of the mechanics and business men of the world are here. It is the struggle of giants—not for fame, wealth and independence, but for bread.

If one is a successful business man in California, he can succeed any where on God's footstool, and merits the champion belt of the business world.

It takes more hard work, tact, economy, skill, industry and brains to transact and develop business in the Golden State than elsewhere in the great marts of trade. The competition is very severe, unjust and bitter; the chances of success are getting smaller, and the chances of defeat greater and greater.

One cause of this is the large number of "one-lunged" business men who wander to these shores in search of health. The genial climate revives their drooping spirits and they resolve to stay, at all hazards; so they enter business circles and reduce or destroy the fair profits—for all they care for is to live, not to accumulate.

The following will illustrate how labor suffers and toils, and the rewards it receives in the Land of Gold:

A talented painter came from France to America. His first stop was in New York, where he tried to get work, and displayed some of his landscapes. Not being known, he was obliged to hire out painting "pot-boilers" at 50 cents each, but he could not earn sufficient to pay his expenses; so he worked his way to Seattle by tending cattle on a freight train, and from there he managed to work his way to San Francisco. Here he rented a small studio, in an old building, at $3.75 per month. But he still found it difficult to sell his work, at times not being able to realize enough to pay for his meals. As he could not leave, he worked on, from day to day, occasionally making a sale for enough to keep body and soul together. By getting 10-cent meals he managed to exist. He had heard of the "Land of Sunshine, Fruit and Flowers," and had read the many enticing pamphlets which are circulated to get people to come to California. But the sunshine would not fill an empty stomach, and the fruit was comparatively as high priced as in the East. He found that the tourists, as a rule, did not care for his landscapes, and the rich people of California preferred to spend their money at the theaters or racing grounds rather than in aiding a poor but talented artist.

Pen-and-ink illustrating is also so overdone in California that many talented designers are forced to work for what they can get. I knew a first-class artist in lithograph work, from New York, who tried Los Angeles, and managed to eke out a scanty existence for awhile, teaching. He finally gave it up and came to San Francisco. About two months afterward I met him in a ticket office, and asked: "Yonkey, where are you going?" "Oh," he said, "I am buying a ticket for New York." "How is that?" I asked. "Well," he said, "there I can get a steady salary of $30 per week; while here I find that I can only get $12, and out of work half the time at that."

Unless an artist has exceptional ability and at least $2,000 in cash to bring with him, I would advise him to keep away from California.

I once knew a high-class sculptor from Germany who came here, and he had a worse experience even than painters, as he went two days at a time without meals. An expert artist from England got so hard up that he could not buy a "bloomin' 2-cent stamp, don't yer know." I only mention these cases to show the exact condition of these professions in California.

A paying position, with money in one's pocket, is better, even if he does have to wear an overcoat in winter and sit around a gloomy base-burner when the north wind whistles around the eaves and the white-winged snowflakes cover the frozen earth with their sparkling mantle of white.

For the millionaire, with money to invest, I would say, come to California, by all means. More manufacturing is what is needed here, as there are ninety men ready to fill any position when it opens; and when a man gets a situation, in almost any line, he keeps it for his natural life, as he knows, if he

leaves it, how hard it is to get into employment again. Hence the almost superhuman effort required for a stranger to get employment in California.

"The land of sunshine, fruit and flowers;"
The land of tramps, with idle hours,
Made so by Sharks, with hoarded wealth,
Whose only aim in life is—self.

A man who was for months traveling in California, and whose opportunities for close observation were unusually good, reports as follows:

Wages are low. In the harvest fields and canneries men are, or have been, working for less than has been paid in the states of the Mississippi valley, besides being compelled to compete with the Chinese and Japanese. The writer has seen men working in the harvest fields of the Sacramento valley sixteen hours a day for the prosperous sum of one dollar and fifty cents; sleeping on straw, fed on "sow-belly" and withered potatoes, hardly given time to eat that, and working in the delightful and invigorating temperature of 110 degrees, until Nature has kindly stepped in and called a halt. Men have been glad to work for fifteen cents an hour in the canneries, overtime over ten hours at the same rate. Hundreds of girls and women have worked in canneries for pitiful sums, but their work being piecework, it is difficult to estimate. Their earnings did not average probably fifty cents a day; but, as in all piecework, some skilled workers, under exceptional and favorable conditions, made more. Tales are told of such workers making a dollar or even two dollars a day for a few days. Such "prosperity" has always resulted in a readjustment of rates to the point of endurance by the workers. That point is very low.

The worst feature about the canneries and fruit and raisin-packing establishments is the absence of seats. This alone shows the necessities of the people, when women will work for hours—sometimes for fourteen hours a day—standing at the reeking tables, earning a few cents an hour, and every nerve strained to make a record entitling them to keep their places, hectored and driven by sharp-eyed female bosses and gruff-talking men overseers. Laws? There may be laws to enforce seats for women employes; but, if so, they are a fraud. Necessity knows no law. The mother and daughter and growing children, when driven by the fear of want, dare not demand seats. If we had genuine prosperity not a box of fruit would be turned out unless seats were provided. In the smaller fruitsheds, where the most of the employes are neighbors, seats are provided; but not in the larger concerns.

Farm labor is at a low figure. The price for the privilege of eating indifferent fare, sleeping in the strawstack and putting in fourteen hours a day following a mule-team, is $20 a month. During the hard times of President Cleveland, wages on farms were $25 and $30. Indications are that this winter

wages will go to $15. All over the state, wages in the fruit orchards and harvest fields, canneries and fruitsheds, have ranged from $1 to $1.50 per day. Such work used to bring from $1.75 to $2.50, and even $3 a day.

Over one hundred white girls can be seen working for Chinese masters in a fruit-canning establishment in the city of San Francisco.

In an adjoining town a Chinaman owns and operates the most prosperous restaurant in the place, and employs three white women as waitresses. The fat wife of the Chinaman goes waddling about the room gathering up the dishes, happy, and little caring whether her native land is divided or not.

Truly, the Chinese race are a marvel to all who are familiar with their history, their industry and their enterprise, in all the varied climes where they chance to wander.

It is one of the mysteries of trade why some of the money-kings of the nation have not invested their surplus cash in establishing a competing ferry between San Francisco and Oakland. The travel is immense. The amount of capital required is comparatively small. The profits would satisfy even the champion miser of the world. To give some idea of these profits, an opposition ferry was established for the creek route—which is the most insignificant of all the routes; yet for a five-cent fare the profits of two little steamers for the first three months were $10,000. The company blundered by investing the money thus earned in the part payment for one of the boats, and thus cramped themselves financially and failed. The Southern Pacific charges 10 cents, and $3 per month for commutation tickets; and this ferry business is so extensive and its profits so great that it pays all the working expenses of the railroad from ocean to ocean.

The company is so tyrannical; its boats and cars are so crowded; its accommodations so limited and inferior, and the danger from accidents so alarming, owing to the company's economical conduct of its affairs, that thousands remain in San Francisco to avoid such terrible risks, who would gladly make their homes in the charming districts across the bay.

Some wide-awake capitalists will yet be found to give this afflicted people relief, and while they will prove benefactors to their fellow-men, they will be amazed at the immense revenue that will be derived from a comparatively small investment; for it should be remembered that these outlying districts are constantly growing,

and if the passengers are not able to obtain seats at the present time, what will it be five years from now?

The patrons of the ferry are so dissatisfied with the outrageous treatment they receive that their longing for relief is intense, and they are in the condition of the class described in the Good Book: "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick." So, Eastern capitalists! Come over and help them; and in so doing benefit yourselves also.

The field of manufactures is comparatively unoccupied; and enterprising men who are willing to wait will be well rewarded for their efforts in that direction.

An Open Letter.

Entering my hotel, I picked up a pamphlet; there were two items that attracted my attention:

In an appeal for aid to establish a retreat for disabled printers and editors, is this language: "* * * We look to the Railroad Tyrant, the Financial Nero of the Century, who has caused more sorrow and distress in California than any other living man, to donate some railroad land to this good cause."

This seemed a terrible arraignment, for Nero is a synonym for all that is heartless, brutal, low, cunning, inhuman, unjust, grasping, diabolical in man, and I wondered if the writer was justified in using such strong language; so I resolved to ascertain the truth or falsity of the appellation.

It often happens that when you are engrossed in a subject the matter you most desire comes to hand in a mysterious manner. I found, to my astonishment, an open letter, written some years ago. It reads as follows:

You are now alone. All your associates have departed. Vrooman, McClure and hosts of other retainers, as well as the Mussel Slough martyrs, are under the sod. You are an old man. You have but a few days left. It remains to be seen whether you will redeem the time by acts of justice. God grant that you may!

Even in your most elated moments you must confess that you owe much to California and her people. In your secluded hours you may wonder why that people so bitterly dislike you and yours, and why a volcano is forming, ready to burst at any moment, where there should be peace and goodwill. Listen, and I will tell you:

1. Your company has not trusted the people, but has done all in its power to harass, irritate and oppress them.

2. It has endangered the liberties of the people by interfering with a free ballot and correct count.

3. It has corrupted legislatures and courts.

4. It has, by a detective system as thorough and vindictive as that of Russia, scattered all through our hotels, and even many of our private resi-

dences, frightened men into obedience to acts that in their hearts they believed to be wrong.

5. It has required business men, under the special contract system, to sign away their freedom and acknowledge the company's right to examine their private books at any and all times.

6. It has, by corrupt means, secured the election of Representatives and a United States Senator from this State, who spent their time at the capital in the interest of the railroad, and not for the benefit of the people they were supposed to represent.

7. It is endeavoring to evade the payment of its debts to the general government.

8. It has refused to pay its taxes to the State, thereby preventing the continuance of many of our public schools and seriously interfering with the education of our children.

9. It has defied the laws, thus setting a bad example to the so-called "dangerous" classes, and encouraging bandits and outlaws in our midst.

10. It has added one more to its long list of outrages: the breaking up of the Wallace Grand Jury. History does not record another instance where criminals about to be indicted were able to destroy a Grand Jury—the chief bulwark of liberty. It was the company's employes (one of them a director and the head of its infamous detective system) who first refused to recognize the subpena of the Grand Jury. (See page 4, Grand Jury Report, a copy of which I will furnish if you so desire.) It was the General Solicitor of the Southern Pacific Railway who attacked the validity of the Grand Jury. (See page 4, Grand Jury Report.) It was one of your largest stockholders who, neglecting his duties as a United States Senator, remained here and did all in his power to second the efforts of the said General Solicitor. Your employes succeeded in breaking up the Grand Jury. But that success was really a defeat, for it caused freemen to tremble for their liberties and roused them to action. Since that last act of infamy the affairs of your company have been going from bad to worse.

Instead of trying to pacify the people, it is reported that the head of your detective system boasts that he will own the next Legislature! What is the result? Freemen of this State have registered a vow that the railroad shall infringe no longer on their rights, and that the company must get out of politics or there will be very serious trouble in the land.

You may ask what will allay this bitter feeling and prevent disturbance?

1. Do as you would be done by.

2. Prepare to pay your debts to the general government, even if it does require the private fortunes of you and your late associates.

3. Pay your taxes due the State without continual litigation.

4. Discharge all "retained" attorneys, who keep you in hot water that they may retain their positions.

5. Do away with your infamous detective system, which is a disgrace to

your company and a menace to the liberties of a free people; for there is no need of an honest corporation having spies in hotels and even in the private residences of our citizens.

6. Discharge all your "strikers," who have run the political parties in your interests; for they only excite the people, and a patient people when excited are not easily controlled.

7. Retire from politics if you really wish to preserve peace in our midst.

8. Attend strictly to the railroad business, which you understand and do creditably.

9. Trust the people; for, in the words of the Grand Jury (page 9), "no class seeks to confiscate its property nor depreciate the services the managers have rendered the State. But it infects everything it touches politically; for its aims are solely selfish—financially selfish. It has debauched both parties, until an honest man cannot aspire to political office without fear of contamination."

You may inquire why I have thus addressed you. A residence of nearly thirty-three years has caused me to love California and its whole-souled people —they have ever been kind to me, and I long to see them a prosperous, happy and free people. I believe you enjoy the power more than any man living to secure that much-wished-for consummation. If you will strictly follow the above practical ideas I believe you will never regret it; and while your heirs may not gloat over as large an inheritance, yet your few remaining days will be made happy in the reflection that you at least did what you could to repair the wrongs that have been inflicted by your company on a long-suffering, law-abiding and liberty-loving people.

Experience of a California Reformer.

After reading this open letter, which seemed to be written in a spirit of fairness and candor, I resolved to find the author and to see upon what grounds he based his assertions. I could not find him, but was directed to a resident near Leona Heights, a beautiful retreat on the Oakland side of the bay of San Francisco.

I wish I could describe the beautiful spot he had selected for his residence. In the wide world it would be difficult to find its equal in grandeur, beauty and extensive view. There was the magnificent bay of San Francisco—the gem harbor of the world; near on its shores were the cultivated fields scattered on hill and vale; there was the great City of the Pacific, and further south, the forest-clad mountains; looking north was San Quentin, its restraining walls and towers proclaiming that "the way of the transgressor is hard;" and above it old Tamalpais, as if guarding the whole coast with a watchful eye; and grander yet was the view of the Golden Gate extending, as it were, by its open portals, a welcome to all nations; and beyond, still far, far out on the watery waste of the Pacific, was the setting sun, warning all that the day was over and the time for rest had come; and to add a finishing touch to the scene, in the rear of the residence were bold, unadorned mountains presenting such a contrast to the indescribable beauty of the California poppy nodding at our feet and rejoicing with her pretty wild flower sisters in the peculiar glory of a winter day in the Golden State.

I had learned that the person whom I was visiting had been a newspaper man in his day; but I did not expect to meet such intelligence and happiness combined in one who had, in a great measure, banished himself from the world.

As my time was limited, we briefly chatted over preliminary matters. I learned that he also was from Massachusetts, and he loved to talk of the Old Bay State, of its gorgeous autumnal beauties, of its wild "line storms," of its winter horrors, and its

The Golden Gate.

O, Golden Gate! If the many mortals who have passed within thy majestic portals to the Land of Gold could but return and leave in thy archives a record of their lives, what food for the writer's pen, the poet's song, the philosopher's meditation! Think of the happy, hopeful hearts that have saluted thee as they entered, confident of success; think of the sad ones that have gone out, hope crushed, ambition dead. No place on this fair earth furnishes such incidents of vicissitudes as thou hast witnessed within the past fifty years; and yet thou still remaineth, inviting the world to enter and possess this "goodly land," and assuring to every pilgrim a cordial welcome to God's Own Country! *Sentinel of the Golden Gate.*

spring-time beauties; but, above all, of the independent and liberty-loving people, who were the standard-bearers of right, justice and humanity wherever found, if they remained true to their early teachings, and remembered Lexington and Bunker Hill.

The fact that we were natives of the same state soon drew us together, and the following was the gist of our conversation:

"I am thinking of settling in California," I remarked; "but I was put upon my guard by reading an open letter to a railroad president, and I was informed that you could tell me whether the assertions therein made were true or false."

The old man smiled a smile of satisfaction, and, as if musing, he said "I had determined never to allude to my experience as a California reformer; but as we are from the same state, and as it may enable you to decide what is best to do, I will break my resolution, and, if you will have the patience to listen, I will relate it:

"Massachusetts raises independent men. The tendency of California is to raise men who toady to wealth. Massachusetts honors and respects men according to their brains. California ignores talent and worships the man of money, caring little how the money was obtained, or for the learning or morality of the possessor. Massachusetts honors a Webster—a poor man with brains. California honors those who can buy their way to the United States Senate—no poor man, however brainy, can ever hope to represent it. Virtue, morality, honesty and an honorable life are appreciated in Massachusetts. In California these peculiarities are considered back numbers, and the libertine, the saloonkeeper, the blackleg, the gambler and the thief are often those whom the 'people delight to honor.'

All this has been brought about by their submitting to such outrages as are recorded in that open letter, which was written by an old friend of mine, who spent his time and talent and labor and money and strength vainly endeavoring to stem the tide and rouse the people to their danger—for a people who love liberty must be ever jealous of their rights.

"Take the detective system mentioned in that letter," he said "I was boarding in one of the leading hotels of San Francisco. On one of the floors of that hotel was employed a maid who

attracted my attention on account of her intelligence. She dressed with good taste, wore expensive jewelry, and was certainly capable of filling some higher position. At last I asked her why one of her ability did not secure a better position. She replied: 'I am here as a detective for the Southern Pacific Railroad Company!'

"Later on, I was visiting a charming home in the interior of California. While I was there the hostess related to me the following incident: Her husband had been a very prominent man, and learning that a congressman was about to visit the coast, he invited him to spend a few days at his home. On the arrival of the visitor, another man was with him, and it was three days before they had an opportunity to inquire who the stranger was. Upon being asked, the congressman replied: 'I am sure I do not know. The Southern Pacific people said I could not find the place unless he accompanied me, so he came along.' It was found that he was a well-known detective of the company—and there he was, receiving the hospitality, and at the same time acting as a spy for the Southern Pacific, at the good man's table!

"The members of this detective system are as varied as Falstaff's army. Chinese, Japanese, broken down editors, even lady graduates of the university, dressmakers, music-teachers, are all mustered in to do duty in this most degrading service. There is no gathering, public or private, assembled in the interest of the people, where these spies are not to be found, and if they do not succeed in getting control they sow discord and in this way check the onward march of reform."

It would be useless to give in detail all the conversation of this interesting personage; he convinced me that every assertion made in the open letter was true, and if all the dark deeds of this corporation were published the world would be amazed that a free people should quietly endure such outrages on their rights and such encroachments on their liberty.

The Great Railroad Strike.

"There is no peace saith my God to the wicked." The very day I read this I heard it was the custom of the Nero of the Century to travel only in the daytime when crossing the continent. I determined to learn the reason why. A little money paid to one of his bodyguard secured the following story:

After what is called the "Great Railroad Strike," when, it is said, the railroad magnate displayed more power and caused more destruction than any campaign ever led by Napoleon, and drove more families into despair and ruin than any Czar ever caused by Siberian banishment, the magnate lost all discretion and issued the order that no striker should ever be employed again on any of his railroad lines; he even went so far as to threaten those who should dare to give them work of any kind. One would naturally suppose that such an order could hardly be carried out in a country of freemen. But it was carried out to the letter. In vain did the poor fellows search for work; in vain did they assume fictitious names; in vain did they deny their nationality; in vain did they wander from place to place in search of employment. The railroad detective was ever on their track, and as the bloodhound never wearies until his teeth are clenched in the flesh of the fugitive's body, so these railroad bloodhounds showed no mercy; the starving wives and children were nothing to them; if Nero said, "Pursue unto the death," they pursued, and the horrors of Hell or the joys of Heaven were forgotten in their efforts to please and obey the tyrant whose code knows no mercy, whose creed is rule or ruin, whose God is mammon.

Driven to desperation, a few of these railroad Ishmaelites met together in secret conclave. They had nothing to hope for. Starvation and its heart-rending agonies reigned by their firesides—their wives and little ones were getting weaker and weaker—a few more days of such suffering and the grave would receive them, where

they would not eat any more nor drink any more, where the tyrant hand could not reach them, nor his detectives follow with their doglike vengeance.

The oppressor was about to make a trip across the continent. Why not stop the train amid the awful dreariness of the desert, capture the tyrant and hurry him to some lonely spot. and there compel him to promise to stop this unrelenting persecution of his former employes? One was in favor of demanding a ransom that would cover all the losses they had sustained; but the others scouted the proposition. All they wanted was the right to earn an honest livelihood without fear or favor. They cared not for his gold, but they longed—as only the broken-hearted long—for freedom from a tyranny that the world has never seen equaled.

The miser of the conclave proved traitor. He saw there was no hope of reward in such a plan and he hastened to divulge the secret—and the tyrant escaped. Every effort in a good cause is never entirely vain. The Nero at last realized that he had gone too far. The detectives were withdrawn. These men were allowed to support their families; but the oppressor has never had a peaceful moment since the plan was discovered. Night and day a guard shadows him—he knows nothing of that peace which is only attained by being entirely *alone*. Quiet slumbers are unknown to him. He often wanders in imagination a beggar where he reigned a king. then he dreams that he is captured, and amid the desert wilds he cries for help that never comes; then he is athirst, and he endures the agony of the ex-employe who was found on the lonely sandy desert, his tongue so swollen that he could not speak; then again he thinks he is starving, and just beyond his reach he sees the wives and little ones he has caused to suffer, living on the fat of the land. while he suffers with hunger. Those familiar with the agony he endures envy not his wealth, and whisper to themselves: "There is no peace saith my God to the wicked."

A San Francisco newspaper thus alludes to the same party:

"You are in many respects a remarkable man, and I have often wondered how it was that nature could be so generous in endowing you with brains and at the same time so niggardly in supplying

you with those simple attributes of manly character that we designate common honesty and good conscience. Your life has been consistently bad. No eulogist will ever burden your memory with the charge of ever having tried to accomplish anything for the well-being or betterment of your fellow-men; of all such you must be held absolutely guiltless. You can never be justly charged with generosity, charity or even humanity. For forty years your life has been spent and your great brain employed in the infliction of misery, inhumanity and injustice upon the thousands and tens of thousands of your fellow-men who have never harmed a hair of your head.

"Blind to every instinct of true manhood and insensible to the dictates of common decency, you have pursued your relentless course of oppression and corruption, until now you stand, in your old age, on the brink of eternity, about to leave the world, without ever having done a good deed for which your memory might be cherished.

"This great State, the fairest and most beautiful of all the sisterhood that comprise the great republic, has been beggared and made miserable by your corrupt domination of its affairs for thirty or forty years.

"You, sir, are the scourge of California. You have ruined its people. You have wrecked thousands of its homes. You have blighted the happiness of its people almost beyond human comprehension. You have pursued the people of this State mercilessly and relentlessly. You have robbed and plundered them, and your great monopoly has not stopped even at murder; for, as we turn and contemplate the hideous specter of the murdered settlers at Mussel Slough, we are overwhelmed with the truth that not even murder will stop the onward course of monopoly.

"In your long career you have not shown the slightest evidence of patriotism; on the contrary, when the honest men of the North were engaged in a desperate conflict with their equally honest opponents of the South, under the cover of the excitement of the moment you laid the crafty plan upon which you have since constructed the most accursed monopoly the world has ever known. We have only to read the statutes passed by Congress during the war period in the aid of the Pacific Railroads and then follow up your confessions to your partner, Colton, to realize that in the darkest hour of your country's peril you were preparing to stab her a more severe blow than the one she was then staggering under.

"You have corrupted and debased the government of this State to such an extent that you are today the most cordially hated and the most universally execrated man known to the people of California. You are not loved, even by those nearest to you; but you

are feared—not only hated, but feared. I have seen public officials hesitate, ministers of justice tremble and the hand of justice palsied at the mention of your potent name. Twice has the hand of avenging justice been laid upon your cowardly form; once you ran away to Europe, and once you took a train and absconded from the State—both times seeking safety beyond the offended jurisdiction. Still, both times you ultimately escaped, not because you were innocent, but solely because you were rich and powerful.

In striking contrast another journal says:

He is a sincere and absolutely honest man. He is too big a man to ever make the mistake to be either dishonest or insincere in his dealings with his fellow-men, and it is there that he fools the "yellow newspapers." They are essentially corrupt and dishonest, sacrificing everything for effect; hence when they come in contact with a man of this particular mold (and there is only one of them) they look for duplicity, cunning and fraud. Finding no trace of these things they are nonplussed and vicious, and fall back to their original business of lying about him and his business. He is an original Yankee, and trade and traffic in transportation involving fair profit is his forte, and his life of unparalleled industry and economy, coupled with patience and faultless judgment, has made his career the most magnificent and grandly successful ever known. In conversation he can say more in fewer words than any other living man. He never indulges in harsh invective about any one of the various persons who aspire to be his enemies.

The following extracts are impressive and full of alarm to the California business man:

The hottest fight was not between the people and the railroads, but between merchants in St. Louis, with a 1700-mile radius, and merchants in Los Angeles, with a 200-mile radius. The St. Louis men are trying to deprive Los Angeles of its terminal privileges, while holding their own privileges. The railroad men, in this fight, assumed the attitude of Neutral Deities. The railroads claim the privilege to make commercial centers by privilege, regardless of distance or natural conditions. A city is made or exists as they please to dictate. This is interesting, as indicating by whose good-will we have our lives and being. Under such a power, a railroad company can make or destroy a city. By the extension to persons or corporations of this privilege-granting power, exercised through secret rebates, the railroad can and does make or unmake manufacturers and merchants. * * * *

That is the power assumed by a railroad corporation. If its managers favor a merchant he makes money. If they do not like him he finds himself undersold by his rivals, and he is ruined, while they grow fat with "rebates." It builds up one city or town, where its managers have real estate holdings, and takes away the business of a town that has offended them. It gives or withholds privileges to a city, not according to the demands of profit, but, like Senator Foraker withholding equal privileges from Porto Rico, "because we want to, and that is reason enough."

One paper publishes the following:

WHAT THE NERO SAID.

Few of those who come [to California] to see, come to stay; and one of the reasons why they do not stay is because California does not offer a broad field to the business man.

A good many of those who have money to invest naturally say of California that, if the people there are afraid to risk money in manufactures, it must be because they think success is extremely doubtful; hence they look upon new enterprises here with a suspicious eye.

Shall California, or shall some other people, gather the material of the world and convert its fiber into woof and webs and yarns, and its pigs and iugots of metal into the long list of shapes and forms needful for man's use, and when this is done, distribute it throughout the world's markets and take the profit that lies in the manufacture? Should not California be the one to do this, and, while reaping the great profit therefrom, do what is almost more valuable to the people of California, establish through these manufactures many industries among them which shall give work and wages and happy homes to a vast multitude of her citizens?

Whatever is the truth in the interest of California's progress, no man need be afraid to tell; and my affection for the State, and my desire to see her win a name for herself as a great and prosperous manufacturing community, justifies me in speaking out, in the hope that my words may do their part in awakening California to a realization of the spirit of the times and the birth of a grand opportunity. Manufacture is the touchstone of success for a nation or a state.

WHAT THE NERO DID.

There is a legend that a stove factory was started in California. The factory furnished stoves for $27.50 which were as good as those brought from the East and sold for $35. The result was that the Eastern stove was driven out of the market. A prominent stove-dealer, now a United States official, visited the railroad magnates and informed them that this competition must be stopped. Freight was accordingly reduced so that the stove that had sold for $35 was sold for $25. Thus was a California industry destroyed for the sake of securing a little additional business for the railroad.

The Selby Shot Works is a fitting monument to a truly great business man who was brave enough to defy the railroad and build up a business worthy of the State; yet that same railroad made that enterprising business man sweat drops of blood by landing shot here at such low rates that he was nearly financially ruined; and yet the representative of that corporation says: "It is my desire to see California a great and prosperous manufacturing community!"

By rebates, by unjust discriminations, by acts unworthy the acts of gentlemen, by acts as cowardly as the assassin and as lawless as the highwayman, these railroad men have checked the State's prosperity, crippled or destroyed those business men who were brave enough to defy them, and now the representative of that tyranny weeps that California does not prosper!

California Mountains.

The Signal Fires on the Mountain Tops.

The mountains ever seem the symbol of liberty, and their inhabitants are the last to be conquered by an invading host; and even the people of the plains instinctively flee to the hills when danger threatens—for they feel safe amid their everlasting fastnesses and sublime solitudes. So it was with the Mussel Slough sufferers. The railroad, envious of their fertile plains, resolved to take possession of them and drive the peaceful, industrious settlers from their homes, thus adding still more to the overflowing coffers of the company.

The intruders knew full well that they had no legal right to these fair acres; but accustomed to defying the law, and aware that the settlers were poor, they hoped, as usual, to obtain an easy victory. For once they were mistaken. The settlers assembled, like the heroes of Bunker Hill, determined to defend their firesides, and, if need be, die rather than submit to unjust demands.

The government was very generous to the railroad corporation, giving large tracts of land to aid it in building its road. If the corporation had been honest it would never have had this terrible conflict with the Mussel Slough settlers and murder would not have been added to its long list of crimes. Its right of way did not include this settlement; but in order to carry out its nefarious designs, it left the route granted to it and went at right angles to Mussel Slough, and after taking in land made valuable by the toil and sweat of many an honest settler, the railroad returns to its original course.

What was the result? These settlers stood out for their rights. The railroad, which is ever ready to defy the law when it suits its cupidity, is always first to invoke the "judicial arm" when it will aid its base designs; and it is sad to record that the judiciary of the state has far too often decided for corporations when justice and equity demanded a decision in favor of the people.

Arrests were made, after inducing a committee of the settlers

to come to San Francisco, with the understanding that there would be a fair settlement. They were released on bonds furnished by business men. Pressure was brought to bear upon these bondsmen by the railroad to such an extent that they were told their business would be destroyed if they continued on the poor settlers' bonds; and so they were returned to prison.

One leader, Major Thos. J. McQuiddy, the oppressors were never able to capture; for whenever the officers entered the valley, signal fires were lighted on the mountain tops and so notice was given that liberty was in danger.

History shows that it is always the innocent that suffer in the conflicts of freedom. The tyrants repose in their palaces, while the defenders of liberty are keeping watch and ward on the walls of Zion. It was so in this case. A United States Marshal, acting for the railroad, killed seven of the settlers who were brave enough to defend their homes.

At the close of the contest it was found that every decision of the different courts was in favor of the settlers and against the railroad.

It may be well for these oppressors to found colleges for whites and blacks; it may be well to have their names appear in various charitable institutions; it may be well at grand suppers to orate on the future greatness of California and how the railroad has helped to develop the state's interests; but the honest historian will be compelled to record that all these institutions of learning, all these acts of charity, all this eloquence, will not bring back to life one of these poor dead settlers, will not compensate for the desolation at their firesides, will never remove the stain of blood from the hands of these base men who, in defiance of law, have killed men for the sake of filthy lucre, and left widows and orphans to starve, that railroad magnates might live upon the fat of the land.

God reigns; he does nothing in a hurry. Vengeance is his; and he will repay. The poor settlers' children may yet be happier than the rich murderers of their fathers; and the signal fires on the mountains may yet burn once more; assuring the multitude that liberty still triumphs.

Since writing the above, Major McQuiddy. of Hanford, Califor-

nia, has favored the writer with a pamphlet entitled "The Struggle of the Mussel Slough Settlers for their Homes," published in 1880. In some future volume I may be able to print this valuable paper in full. The following extract is important:

We now submit the decisions favorable to our cause. The list does not include the decision of the Supreme Court of California, which unanimously decided the principle of equities in our behalf:

Secretary Browning	July 14, 1868.
Secretary Cox	November 2, 1869.
Secretary Cox	November 11, 1869.
Secretary Delano	May 9, 1873.
Secretary Delano	February 26, 1874.
Attorney-General Devens	July 16, 1878.
Commissioner Drummond	January 28, 1874.
Secretary Schurz	August 2, 1878.
Supreme Court of California	August, 1880.

It is a pathetic conclusion to the terrible tragedy to print the following letter from the hero who has survived to tell the tale of the horrors of railroad lawlessness. Our readers' hearts will go out in sympathy for the old man eloquent:

You are at liberty to use my name if you wish, where you refer to me as one of the leaders whom they could not capture. You may say that all of the settlers, school children and all, aided in helping me to keep out of the United States Marshal's hands. In some instances, when asked which way I had gone or where I was, he was told by the children that it was none of their business, and that they could not catch me.

I do not have much time to write, as I now have to work for a living, the Southern Pacific Railroad Company having robbed me of twenty-five years of hard work; yet I have outlived all of the five who robbed me. I am now in my seventy-third year, and able to do a good day's work.

I send you the pamphlet you desire, wishing you and all lovers of humanity success.

I remain yours

THOS. J. McQUIDDY.

Ranch Life in California.

There are few prettier railroad rides in California than the one from San Francisco to San Jose (although the last name looks easy, it is not, for it is spelled one way and pronounced just the opposite, and most visitors to the coast forget which is which). It is astonishing how soon you reach green fields, covered with large herds of cattle. You pass village after village, where the wealthy of the State reside, and the beautiful old oak groves which are scattered along the route resemble Boston Common on a grand scale.

At one of the stations three richly dressed ladies entered the car and took seats adjoining mine. I had no intention of becoming an eavesdropper, but I became one in spite of myself, and this was the gist of their conversation:

"How is the baby?" asked one.

"Oh, he is growing finely. We have secured the best of cows and we have them examined every week in order to be sure that they are healthy. It is marvelous how the boy has improved."

"Is your beautiful lawn as green as ever?" inquired another.

"You will scarcely believe it, but I have had that lawn all removed. It is so monotonous in the country I must have some excitement, and so I am all the time making changes about the grounds. Besides, I like to order the men about; and I do so love to see them work!"

One kindly faced lady remarked that their ranch was an expensive luxury. She found it impossible to make it pay.

The enterprising one of the party replied: "Our ranch was a great loss until my husband took charge of it. Do you know, he found that some of the hands were married and even had as many as four or five children! He has discharged every married man on the ranch; and not only that, the moment one of the hands secures a marriage license he discharges him. Unmarried men work for less wages. In this way my husband makes the ranch pay."

This conversation, which I heard with my own ears, disgusted

me with California life more than any one thing I saw or heard during my long sojourn in the state. To think of intelligent women considering it a crime for a workingman to have a family is beyond my comprehension; and to endorse such cruel action is neither flattering to their brains nor heart.

The treatment of these ranch hands confirmed the assertion made by others that California produces more tramps than any other state in the Union. The men are hired for three or four months, then discharged, and compelled to wander from place to place searching for work. In the East such men are employed by the year, provided with good food, a comfortable room, and they have an interest in the place. In California it is just the opposite. In many cases the ranch hands are treated worse than dogs; the food is such a self respecting hog would refuse; and the lodgings are some barn or outhouse, or wide-spreading tree, with the canopy of heaven for protection from wind and storm. The hours are from sunrise to sunset. Malaria is another of the blessings they often enjoy; while the pay is far too small for the amount of time they are obliged to lose in pursuit of employment.

Afterwards I learned that all these ladies were wives of young millionaires; much given to fashion; but noted for turning a deaf ear to all appeals for charity. How hard the heart becomes when mammon gets control!

Cogitations of Our Boy Bill's Father.

Leaving the train at Santa Clara, I soon forgot the disagreeable conversation stated in the preceding chapter, for joy, as usual, followed sadness. It seemed that I had found the lost Eden.

A drive through miles of beautiful orchards brought me to my friend's. It was indeed a choice spot. In the center of a vast plain, he had a view of the mountains in every direction. Eighty acres of fine fruit trees was the area about his modest cottage. How he loved those trees! They had cost him much anxiety; but they repaid for all the trouble when they put on their beautiful and variegated robes of bloom, assuring their guardian and protector that before summer was ended they would present the choicest fruit that ever graced an orchard, as a token of their gratitude for his care.

The owner was a jolly, happy-go-lucky man. One could not help liking him, and he was a very entertaining talker. His only son was in the University of California, and this is his description of a visit he made to that institution:

My boy Bill was in College, so wife and I concluded it was best to see our boy launched into the world. We had reserved-seat tickets, but there was a big rush and tickets were of no account; so we landed in the gallery—just exactly where our boy Bill did not expect us to land. We could see him, but he never saw us, although my poor wife strained and strained over the edge of the gallery and waved her handkerchief.

Well, it was indeed a grand sight to gaze at that audience. The women had all their good clothes on, with decorated hats that rivaled the colors of the rainbow; in short, they all looked like nice clean girls, and I was proud of them—for you know the citizens of the State own and operate the University of California, and I felt a deep interest in every girl and every boy present, regardless of their age, looks or social position.

My breath nearly left my body when I beheld the faculty enter-

ing the hall. In our village church I had seen a Bishop arrayed in his robes, and I had often thought that those robes were right handy in case one did not have a Sunday suit; yet I could not help thinking if one was compelled to wear those things while milking the cow or plowing the land they would be mighty inconvenient. Well, the college faculty had not only borrowed all the spare robes of the bishop, but they went two better—they had square hats and tassels to boot!

It was a contrast to the gay colors of the audience to see that mass of black moving at a funereal gait up to the platform. Then followed the students, in the same old tasseled hats and robes. There was our boy Bill as big as any of them, swinging his skirts like an overgrown girl. I noticed he looked over to the place where he expected we would sit; but, as I said before, my wife waved and strained herself trying to attract his attention, but it was all in vain. One of the neighbors near our seat asked her to point him out when he received his diploma, which she did with motherly pride, and that seemed to relieve her.

The orator of the day was right smart in his language, but very poor as a speaker. He was imported from New York for the occasion. He once received $20,000 from the government for a trip to Europe to arrange about the Philippine Islands. This so-called oration seemed to be an apology for having done such a poor job for such a large sum.

One peculiarity I observed: whenever the speaker got off an extra good sentence he would turn to a baldheaded man who sat on the platform, and apparently smack his lips and whisper, "What do you think of that, Old Man?"

It was such a low-down political speech that I thought I would find out who and what this imported orator was. So I went up to one of the gray-haired boy professors and inquired who that speaker was and what relation he was to the baldheaded man.

"Oh, my friend, that is a big New York editor with a botanical name, and that baldheaded man is the editor's father-in-law—one of those men who gets his money in California and spends it in New York; he has a manufacturing name, and owns sky scraper buildings in San Francisco and New York, and is very rich."

"But why did they get such a poor speaker—he has no wind—my boy Bill could beat him as an orator?"

"Well, my dear friend, we have an up-to-date President now. The University needs money. Inviting the son-in-law pleases the father-in-law. If the latter continues to be pleased he may favor the Institution with some of his surplus wealth—do you see?"

If it brings about that result, I suppose I ought to be willing to suffer; but it is the last time I ever go to University exercises unless they patronize home talent.

Why, do you know, I once heard an orator in San Francisco, some forty years ago, use this language:

"O Liberty! It is the Genius of Liberty we worship today. I have seen her cloven down on a hundred battlefields. I have seen her enemies bind her to the stake. I have seen them consume her body to ashes and give them to the four winds of heaven, and regather them that they might scatter them yet more widely than before.

"Yet, when they paused and proudly turned to exult, they beheld her standing before them, resplendent, clad in a panoply of complete steel, and brandishing in her strong right hand a sword, red, red, with insufferable light—unconquerable and invincible."

[One of the Vice-Presidents of the meeting could stand the strain no longer, but springing to his feet and raising his cane in the air, he shouted, with all the fervor of a patriot: "It's true, by heavens! It's true!" and took his seat exhausted. The speaker then continued:]

"The Genius of Liberty will lead us to a glorious triumph. Years, years ago, I took my stand by freedom, and where the feet of my youth were planted, there shall they march in my manhood and in my age."

Listen to the wisdom of the immortal Lincoln:

In my present position I could scarcely be justified were I to omit raising my voice against this approach of returning despotism. It is not needed or fitting here that a general argument should be made in favor of popular institutions; but there is one point, with its connections not so hackneyed as most others, to which I ask a brief attention. It is the effort to place capital on an equal footing with if not above labor in the structure of government. It is assumed that labor is available only in connection with capital; that nobody labors unless somebody else owning capital somehow by the use of it induces him to labor. This assumed, it is next considered whether it is best that capital shall hire laborers, and thus induce them to work by their own consent, or buy them and drive them to it without their consent. Having proceeded so far, it is naturally concluded that all laborers are either hired laborers or what

we call slaves. And further it is assumed that whoever is once a hired laborer is fixed in that condition for life.

Now there is no such relation between capital and labor as assumed; nor is there any such thing as a freeman being fixed for life in the condition of a hired laborer. Both these assumptions are false, and all inferences from them are groundless. * * * * * * * * * Labor is prior and is independent of capital. Capital is only the fruit of labor and could never have existed if labor had not first existed. Labor is the superior of capital and deserves much the higher consideration. Capital has its rights which are as worthy of protection as any other rights. Nor is it denied that there is, and probably always will be, a relation between labor and capital, producing mutual benefits. The error is in assuming that the whole labor of community exists within that relation. A few men own capital, and therefore avoid labor themselves and, with their capital, hire or buy another few to labor for them.

Again, as has already been said, there is not of necessity any such thing as the free hired laborer being fixed to that condition for life. Many independent men everywhere in these states a few years back in their lives were hired laborers. The prudent penniless beginner in the world labors for wages awhile, saves a surplus with which to buy tools or land for himself, then labors on his own account another while, and at length hires another new beginner to help him. This is the just and generous and prosperous system which opens the way to all, gives hopes to all, and consequent energy, and progress and improvement of conditions to all. No men living are more worthy to be trusted than those who toil up from poverty—none less inclined to take or touch aught which they have not honestly earned. Let them beware of surrendering a political power which they already possess, and which, if surrendered, will surely be used to close the door of advancement against such as, they and to fix new disabilities and burdens upon them, till all of liberty shall be lost.

Note the words of beauty and of grandeur of the Second Lincoln:

I do not want you to think that my happiness depends upon any public office within the gift of the people of this country.

I have a higher ambition than to be President.

The man whose happiness depends upon what others do for him may be doomed to disappointment; but if one's happiness depends upon what he does for others he need not be disappointed.

I hope you will credit me with the ambition that is within the reach of every citizen of this land—an ambition which all can entertain, and which, to my mind, is a higher ambition than that for any office—and that is an ambition

to do what I can to make this nation so great and so good that to be a simple citizen will be greater than to be a king in any other land.

* * * * * * * * * *

Whether it be my lot to occupy the high office for which the convention has named me or to spend the remainder of my days in private life, it shall be my constant ambition and my controlling purpose to aid in realizing the high ideals of those whose wisdom and courage and sacrifice brought this republic into existence.

I can conceive of a national destiny surpassing the glories of the present and the past—a destiny which meets the responsibilities of today and measures up to the possibilities of the future.

Behold a republic, resting securely upon the foundation-stones quarried by revolutionary patriots from the mountain of Eternal Truth—a republic, applying in practice and proclaiming to the world the self-evident proposition: That all men are created equal; that they are endowed with inalienable rights; that governments are instituted among men to secure those rights; that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed.

Behold a republic, in which civil and religious liberty stimulate all to earnest endeavor and in which the law restrains every hand uplifted for a neighbor's injury—a republic in which every citizen is a sovereign, but in which no one cares to wear a crown.

Behold a republic, standing erect while empires all around are bowed beneath the weight of their own armaments—a republic whose flag is loved, while other flags are only feared.

Behold a republic, increasing in population, in wealth, in strength and in influence; solving the problems of civilization, and hastening the coming of a universal brotherhood—a republic which shakes thrones and dissolves aristocracies by its silent example, and gives light and inspiration to those who sit in darkness.

Behold a republic, gradually but surely becoming the supreme moral factor in the world's progress and the accepted arbiter of the world's disputes—a republic whose history, like the path of the just, "is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

That is the kind of eloquence we want at our University. Not meaningless words by the yard at a high price.

By the way, my boy Bill is up to time, and he was telling me of a man whom he considers the Second Lincoln of the Nation. He spoke in San Francisco some time ago. The gist of his talk was that one of our national parties put the dollar above the man;

but this speaker was in favor of the man every time. Comparing the condition of affairs now and forty years ago, he exclaimed:

"What a toboggan slide—from Lincoln down to Hanna!"

Do you know that my boy was so pleased with that illustration that he drew a sketch; and as you say you are about to print a book on California, why not put that in? It might set patriots to thinking that it is better to support a party that favors the welfare of man rather than to support a party which attempts to perpetuate debts and to increase the purchasing power of the dollar. It might cheer some despairing soul. It might cause the election of the Second Lincoln of the Nation

Would it not be a grand thing if my boy Bill's sketch should turn the fate of the Nation and check the onward march of trusts and corporations in their united efforts to destroy a free people.

Then, too, how it would please my boy Bill's mother!

I could not resist this appeal of my friend, and the sketch appears, just as the dear old man gave it to me.

In November there will be many anxious hearts waiting for the result of the election, but none will be actuated by nobler or more patriotic impulses than that aged couple on the California ranch, who will be wondering whether their boy Bill's picture helped to save the Nation and placed another Lincoln in the Presidential chair.

"WHAT A TOBOGGAN SLIDE
FROM LINCOLN DOWN TO HANNA!"

Our Boy Bill's Picture.

The Dead Soldier Boys

If anything, outside of patriotic motives, would induce one to enlist in that branch of the United States army stationed in San Francisco, it is the beauty of that military reservation called the Presidio—that beau ideal of a soldier's rendezvous — for the view can scarcely be surpassed for variety, extent and grandeur. Situated on an eminence that overlooks the Bay of San Francisco, the Golden Gate and the grand mountains that tower with pride on the opposite shore, it will cause the young recruit to sing with a heartiness he never did before:

> I love thy rocks and rills;
> Thy woods and templed hills;
> My heart with rapture thrills,
> Like that above.

The barracks, officers' quarters, hospitals and all the appointments are of the best and a credit to our government, while the grounds are as beautiful as they are grand.

It is very impressive, as you gaze through the Golden Gate, to witness the sun drop, as it were, to sleep into the watery bed of the calm Pacific, and then to hear from the Presidio and Alcatraz the echoes of the sunset guns—as if striving to enter the corridors of heaven.

I was enjoying this one summer evening, and thinking how beautiful was the scene, how congenial the surroundings, and how pleasant it must be to belong to an army blessed with so many comforts and sworn to support and defend a flag that meant so much to us as a free people and was looked up to, by all nations struggling for liberty, as a token that there was at least one government on the face of the earth that would ever aid and abet the cause of universal liberty throughout the world, and never act the part of the oppressor to those who longed and battled for the right of self-government.

Joyous with these thoughts, I was about to pass out of the Presidio grounds, when I was shocked to behold rough box after

rough box piled one upon the other outside of a building, and looking in the same scene was repeated. I was afraid to ask how many there were. I only knew those rough boxes contained the precious remains of soldier boys who had died in a foreign land, and, although home again, their dumb, compressed lips could never sing those words they had so often hoped to sing:

Home again! Home again!
From a foreign shore;
And oh! it fills my soul with joy
To meet my friends once more.

There has been much discussion of imperialism; of the advantages and disadvantages of foreign conquests; of the injustice of government by injunction; of the outrages committed by the administration in the imprisonment of innocent men in the awful Bullpen of Idaho; of the dangers to a free government by the unlimited establishment of trusts.

These all faded into the mists of the past, when I recalled the chats I had had with soldiers from the Philippines, who told me what they had suffered, not on the battlefield, but on crowded ships, with quarters so cramped and so stifling that they could scarcely breathe; with meat so decayed, that worms crept to and fro, like ants on their native heath; and when, in their desperation, they did eat the vile carrion, disease worse than death seized upon their vitals.

Then, too, I remembered one homesick veteran told me that on the same ship were soldiers of the regular army and soldiers of the volunteers. He enlisted in the ranks of the latter. The regulars had enough and to spare; the volunteers would have perished with hunger if the regulars had not taken pity on them and saved their lives by giving them the crumbs that fell from their well-laden tables.

As I gazed at these rough boxes, the thought came to me, perchance if the administration had been more anxious for the welfare of our soldier boys and less anxious to give some party favorite a commission, many of those boys whose arms are folded over their breasts would still be doing duty in the ranks of the great Army of the Republic.

How were such outrages punished? Judge ye, when the Chief

Hero of the Embalmed Meat Army was retired *on full pay* by the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States!

* * * * * * * *

There are many returned soldiers scattered over the length and breadth of this country; there are many vacant chairs over which fond mothers shed silent tears—can these brave boys, can these bereaved mothers, wish to indorse such outrages by electing the man who not only has favored trusts and corporations, overridden the constitution, countenanced the imprisonment of innocent men, favored government by injunction, disdained the grand principles of the Declaration of Independence, favors a large standing army, thus menacing the freedom of the republic, and repeating once more the horrors of the slave ships of other days, not upon ignorant blacks, but upon freemen—sons of revolutionary sires?

If such a Chieftain can again be raised to the Presidential Chair, then it would seem that these dead heroes of the Philippine war would break forth from their rough boxes and whisper, as only the broken-hearted can whisper:

Republics are ungrateful!

Hopeful Signs.

Each cloud has a silver lining; so California, clouded as it is, still manifests some hopeful signs.

Three of the San Francisco daily newspapers—as enterprising as are to be found on this continent—each owned by men financially independent—are using their immense influence to check the railroad outrages.

These efforts by the press for the public welfare are educating the people to the fact that they have rights that even corporations, which are but servants of the people, are bound to respect. Murmurings are to be heard in the rank and file; and when a free people murmur, let oppressors prepare for a conflict. In such a conflict the people are sure to win in the end.

Some of the clergy, too, are endeavoring to organize their forces. They feel that an onward movement must be made to regain their lost influence and to cou teract the fearful tide of vice that is overspreading the state and sending the girls and boys to premature graves.

The Christian Endeavor and the Leagues of the Cross are doing grand work for the cause of temperance.

As evidence that marriage is not always a failure in this land of ex-madams, the following tribute by the late Dr. Henry D. Cogswell to his faithful wife is published:

> She has been my companion in life's battles for half a century together we have struggled in adversity and rejoiced in prosperity. To her valuable assistance I owe much of my success in life, and to her sweet disposition and lovely character I am indebted for whatever happiness I have enjoyed during life's journey; and now, as it draws to a close, let me tenderly commend her to the kindly assistance and consideration of all my friends, to the end that her declining years may be as full of happiness and contentment as her many virtues and noble traits of character deserve.

While there are many examples of filial love among all classes of Californians, still the respect shown by the Jewish children to

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their parents surpasses them all and beautifully illustrates the result of home training, and proves that if the parents do their duty, even in this land of easy morals, the rising generation can be taught to obey that grand commandment which cements together, with bonds of enduring love, all households who follow its sublime precepts, and aim, through obedience, to secure its rich rewards:

"Honor thy father and thy mother; that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

The new San Francisco Police Commissioners, appointed under the city charter, are making a complete revolution in favor of decency and morality. Gambling dens, sporting resorts and side entrances are being closed; and what is a good sign, these efforts are receiving the moral support of the better class of citizens.

The Merchants' Association, which caused the formation of the New Charter and aided materially in its adoption, is beginning to realize at last that the city cannot prosper unless the railroad is compelled to obey the laws. So some of its members are insisting that the association take a more active part in protecting the city's rights.

An association has also been formed to insist upon the enforcement of the law by the city officials; and in all cases where this institution has called attention to the fact that the law has been defied by these corporation anarchists, prompt action has been taken; and where rails have been unlawfully laid down in the public streets the officers of the law have required their removal.

The telephone monopoly has been a source of great revenue to the owners and an instrument of oppression to the people—its employes even spreading the report that parties had gone out of business if they wearied of endeavoring to secure their rights and ceased to hire a telephone. Relief is at hand, however, as the People's Mutual Telephone Company will soon be in operation.

The New Charter authorizes the city to own and operate its public utilities; hence efforts are being made to secure a water supply, also to purchase gas and electric light plants, and possibly the street railroads of the city.

A sign of improvement is also manifest in one of the leading street railways. A plan has been adopted whereby employes who

have worked five or more years receive additional pay in proportion to the length of time they have served the company; and some $40,000 is distributed annually in this way. This plan, I am happy to say, was inaugurated by a native of Massachusetts—showing that at least one son of the Old Bay State continues loyal to the lessons of his youth, and endeavors to do justice and love mercy, and desires to do to his fellowman as he would be done by.

It will take time, and it may be a fearful conflict, yet California will redeem herself and take her place among her sister states as one where law is enforced, crime is punished, morality reigns, and the inhabitants enjoy all the rights to which they are justly entitled.

The rich women of San Francisco are setting an example which, if followed by men who have corpulent bank accounts, would greatly benefit humanity and tend to remove the increasing bitterness that exists between the rich and the poor. Look at the following subscription made for that noble charity the California Woman's Hospital; better days are indeed dawning:

Mrs. Mary A. Crocker	$ 5,000 00	
Mrs. C. B. Alexander	5,000 00	
Mrs. C. P. Huntington	2,500 00	
Mrs. C. P. Huntington	3,000 00	
Mrs. C. B. Alexander	1,000 00	
The Mrs. Mary A. Crocker Trust	10,000 00	
Mrs. C. B. Alexander	1,000 00	
		$27,500 00

* * * * * * * *

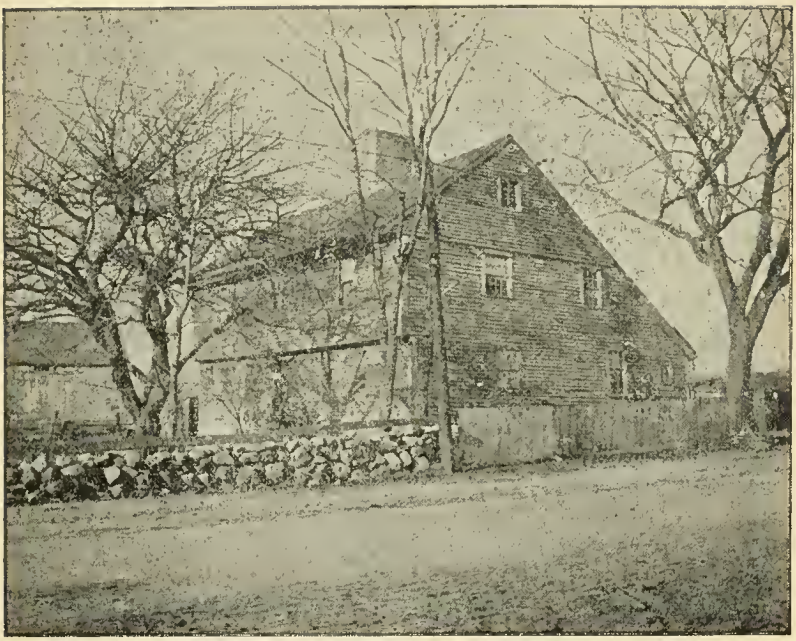
Is the Rich Yankee Dreaming!

Since my return I am informed that efforts are being made to secure the passage of an ordinance closing all the San Francisco saloons from 12 o'clock Saturday night until 6 o'clock Monday morning.

How delighted the thoughtful saloon-men would be if this could be accomplished. As it is now, the poor sufferers are compelled to listen to the same stale jokes, without intermission, from week to week, and the effect on the nervous system is frightful; besides, they have no time to spend with their wives and sweethearts.

What a blessing it would be to rest from Saturday night until Monday—let the old soakers suffer thirst if they must; the saloon-keepers have some right to enjoy life, as well as they!

Let the ordinance be passed; and you will find that decent saloon-men will be the last to object. Let the old topers go without their "snifters" awhile, and they may realize that it is well to curb the appetite and that it is their duty give the trader in liquor a little rest while journeying through this barren land.



Home Again.

I have returned to my native state, Old Massachusetts; and my neighbors wondered why. So one Thanksgiving evening I invited them to my home, and told them why the Rich Yankee did not settle in California.

I assured them that the stories told of the Golden State were not in the least exaggerated. That it was indeed a goodly land,

flowing with milk and honey. Its mountains contain gold and all other kinds of metals. Its fields yield abundant crops. Its orchards and vineyards blush with the finest fruit that ever grew outside of Eden's fair borders. Its commercial advantages have no limit; and San Francisco is destined to become one of the grandest cities the world has ever admired if it but improve its opportunities and its citizens arouse from their slumbers, assert their rights, and act the part of freemen in place of that of slaves.

The great cause why California does not prosper is that the state is ruled by a corporation whose officials have—

Murdered unoffending settlers;
Bribed courts and juries;
Corrupted legislatures;
Refused to pay their taxes;
Sent detectives into private houses;
Destroyed the business of men who have been brave enough to defy them;
Prevented the growth of manufactures by unjust discriminations;
Harassed the people by refusing to pay claims, however just, until the plaintiffs went to the expense of a suit in the courts for the same;
Taught anarchy by overriding the laws of the land, conveying the impression that they were above the law;
Destroyed towns which have dared to object to their outrageous demands;
Obtained such complete control of the Republican party of the state that they made an unknown man Governor of California.

The following are some of the characteristics of the chief executive of California, as described by a lady noted for her grand labors in the temperance movement:

Great as we are in California in other things, we have the weakest and the smallest Governor on earth. I mean what I say. The Governor of California, from almost the day of his inauguration, has been the friend of the hoodlum element of the state He restored prize-fighting; he stands for Sunday sports by his vetoes and his signature to bills; he has been against morality and for

all that we have fought. I do not care about the woman's suffrage measure. That is a matter on which opinions differ. But it is in his other acts that the Governor of California has shown his weakness, his willingness to do the bidding of the baser element. California's rising star of temperance, morality and good government has been temporarily eclipsed, but there is a time coming, and the women of California are not disheartened, thank God, even with 14,000 saloons and the great wine industry in the state, backed by the Governor, against us.

My friends, it would be folly to attempt to portray all the evils the officials of this railroad corporation have inflicted on a long-suffering people. They little dream of the bitter feeling that exists. Much success has made them mad. The day of reckoning is fast approaching. Such tyranny and outrage cannot long continue. From my observation, California will be sure to vote against the party these outlaws so completely control, and the Second Lincoln of the nation will receive the votes of a people who have too long submitted to railroad tyranny and lawlessness.

I was too old to take part in such a conflict, so I returned to my Massachusetts home; and while the climate is less genial, the soil less productive, the natural prospects for trade much inferior, yet I prefer the chilling winds of the Old Bay State and all of its disadvantages to living in a community where to succeed, either in business or politics, you must submit to the dictation of a set of men as corrupt as highwaymen, as tyrannical as Nero and as unfit to live in a Republic as George III.

Thank God, neighbors, I am home once more, and while my life is spared I will never cast my vote for a party that bends its knees to corporate wealth, but will endeavor to carry out, both by my influence and my vote, the glorious principles of the Declaration of Independence, and do what I can to prevent the nation from becoming what California is today—a railroad slave colony—pitied by every true lover of freedom.

Among the many souvenirs of my California trip I value this "Home Again" Card, which tells its own story; and as I had returned by the way of the Isthmus of Panama, my neighbors sang it as they parted from me on that joyous occasion.

Every one that loves his home and possesses a contented heart will realize my feelings as I went to sleep under my New England homestead roof that Thanksgiving night.

Home Again. *

Home again, home again,
From a foreign shore.
And oh! it fills my soul with joy,
To meet my friends once more:
Here I dropped the parting tear,
To cross the ocean's foam,
But now I'm once again with those
Who kindly greet me home.

Chorus:
Home again, home again,
From a foreign shore,
And oh! it fills my soul with joy,
To meet my friends once more.

Happy hearts, happy hearts,
With mine have laughed in glee;
But oh! the friends I loved in youth
Seem happier to me;
And if my guide should be the fate
Which bids me longer roam,
But death alone can break the tie
That binds my heart to home.
—Chorus.

Music sweet, music soft,
Lingers round the place;
And oh! I feel the childhood charm
That time cannot efface;
Then give me but my homestead roof,
I'll ask no palace dome,
For I can live a happy life
With those I love at home.
—Chorus.

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* One of the incidents of the Parade in San Francisco in honor of the Oregon Troops from Manila, was the singing of this song by Madame Waltz from the upper window of Photographer Fowzer's Gallery, 1148 Market Street. When the boys in the ambulances rode by it brought tears to the eyes of the spectators to see the smile of satisfaction upon the pale, haggard faces of these weary, homesick soldiers. It is therefore printed to recall the day, and to voice the sentiments of California, that we are glad the boys are home again.

San Francisco, July 14, 1899.

Report of the Wallace Grand Jury.

Report of the Wallace Grand Jury.

[The Wallace Grand Jury was the pioneer in efforts to reform the political condition of California. The following report conclusively shows that even a Grand Jury can be destroyed when it denies the right of the Southern Pacific Railroad to rule over a free people.]

REPORT OF THE GRAND JURY.

To the Hon. W. T. Wallace, Presiding Judge of the Superior Court of San Francisco:

This body was assembled and sworn by the court as a Grand Jury on August 20, 1891. It begun work at once, appointed sub-committees, and arranged for frequent sessions. Very soon thereafter Stephen T. Gage, one of the directors of the Southern Pacific Railway, and Richard Chute, a salaried employe of the same company, declined to obey the subpena of the Grand Jury.

Their attorneys asserted that we were not a legal body exercising official authority, and when brought before his court, Judge Murphy sustained this view.

By other processes the question was carried to the Supreme Court, and Creed Haymond, general solicitor of the Southern Pacific Railway, attacked the validity of the Grand Jury before that tribunal.

The Supreme Court, after some days' deliberation, decided that we could subpena and compel the attendance of witnesses. But these harassing delays consumed a month or more, and in the interval we could do very little, as it was thought proper to be sure that we had the rightful power before it was exercised with necessary firmness. Then came a period of about six weeks without other legal checks or impediments. During this time we were free to delve into the arena of rascality and dishonesty that fronted us everywhere. We made all efforts to fulfill our duty, and heard many witnesses. We collected an immense quantity of evidence tending to show venality and money-taking by various officials, both municipal and legislative.

We found that agents and brokers, who were fully recognized as such, went freely to persons interested in legislation and agreed to defeat or pass measures.

Many persons other than those in office were implicated, and we began to wonder to what heights our researches would lead us. A number of men, presidents and directors of corporations, who had paid moneys, either direct or through agents and brokers, had consented to make a full and unreserved

confession in case we were adjudged by the highest legal tribunal in the state a lawful Grand Jury.

These people may be deemed by some moralists more culpable than those to whom were paid the price of dishonor, upon the principle that if there was no booty there would be no thieves. The corporation owners defend the payment of this tribute in saying that the legislators and supervisors are highway robbers who have to be bribed; for otherwise, by adverse enactments, they threaten the destruction of the financial interests involved. But in some instances these financial interests have been obtained in an improper manner, and a just enforcement of the statutes would cause the forfeiture of the acquired privileges.

And if it be not so, who shall say these corporations are justified? What remedy can cure the injury to patriotism and free government that makes worthless rascals out of men who would have been perchance honest if they had not been tempted? Not even our vacuous laws admit any difference between the buyer and seller of men's consciences.

Neither by law nor by that abstract sentiment of what is fair and right to man and man—an ideal older than history and beginning with Cain and Abel —is the tempter better than the tempted.

The millionaire sitting in his luxurious office, rotund with the wealth filched from the public coffers by unclean franchises, may hold up his jeweled hands and say, "Preserve me from these bandits!" But is he less culpable than the poor devil of a senator or assemblyman that has incurred debts during his candidacy that he is unable to pay? Who finds himself for the nonce lifted to a position which he knows is evanescent, and is tempted by wines, banquets and money?

They are all alike guilty and criminal. But be that as it may, the tongues of these corporation owners for the present are silenced. For there came again legal intervention to thwart the Grand Jury.

Second Judicial Interference.

A member of the Assembly, whom we had indicted for felonious practices, appealed to the Supreme Court. The appeal was successful; since after another month's delay the Supreme Court has declared this Grand Jury an "illegal precedent," to which decree we must perforce accede.

Judge Rhodes and District Attorney Barnes were of our counsel, and the former delivered an able and impressive argument in favor of the law, the right and truth. But by four members to three the court has dismissed us just when we were on the eve of turning up the mass of filth that reeks and swells through the length and breadth of our fair land and exposing it to the sunlight of honor and decency.

It was Aristotle who wrote: "Where there is no confidence in the lawgiver there can be no virtue in the law." That apothegm cannot perhaps be applied to this body, for it has been elected of the people, and therefore they must be

assumed to be righteous judges and honorable men. But we regret that the law, as interpreted by the majority of the court, has been construed to protect and not to punish the criminal classes. It may be an "illegal precedent" to permit this Grand Jury to exist, for so says the court. But it was an "illegal precedent" when Brutus killed Tarquin, when Parliament beheaded Charles I, and when Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence; and doubtless Jefferson would have been carefully hanged for that same "illegal precedent" if the revolution had not succeeded.

Be this as it may, the dictum cannot now be changed and we must perforce end our scarcely commenced labors.

The Senate.

In the last Legislature a number of the senators associated together as a compact band of mercenaries. A finance committee of three appears to have been appointed from the rest with authority to contract for the votes of all the band. The senators were also represented by agents or brokers, who co-operated with the committee. The Senators' votes were cast for or against various measures with strict unanimity and distinct impartiality. The highest bidder, after due admonition to others, secured the chattels, and but one instance is known where the contract once agreed to was not faithfully kept. It is true that in that case the other side eventually bid more, which, we submit, is an extenuating circumstance not without its merits.

The Senate comprises in all forty members, but though that number is suggestive, we have not been able to discern clearly Ali Baba.

The band intrusted all power to the finance committee and were co-equal. They were, of course, senators who are as pure as the snow-white spray on the waves; but alas! the good were overborne by the bad. A majority of the Senate comprised the Combine, and the amount received by each approximated $7,000.

The Assembly.

Those members of the Assembly intent upon like thrift do not appear to have been organized under the same strict military discipline. We regret to observe that the statements made in this report as to the amount of plunder received by their brethren in the upper house may be to them a most painful revelation. They must deplore that lack of experience which placed them at the mercy of a few veteran rogues in their body, who reaped all the advantages that superior intellect admits. For there were no middlemen, no agents, no brokers to tempt the Assembly neophytes. Bribes were paid direct to the heaven-appointed captains, and they settled with the baser sort without the intervention of outside interlopers. Therefore we cannot state the sums paid the Assembly bandits with specific accuracy. We may only note that the captains received more and the privates less in the Assembly than the average $7,000 paid to the members of the Senatorial Combine.

Be it fully understood that in all this shameful traffic of men in official station

there was no politics. These men were neither Republicans, Democrats nor Americans. They were simply thieves, and Boodle knows no partisanship. Their turpitude was frank and open. Every person who appeared at Sacramento supposed to be connected with some pending bill, was assailed at once by these men and their agents and brokers. There was small pretense of secrecy. The price paid for votes was known to lobbyists and hangers-on, and discussed in barrooms and hotel corridors. A few of the legislators discovered that they were deceived, in that others were paid more than themselves on certain occasions, contrary to the compact and also to the finance committee's asseverations. Hence arose at times unseemly jarrings and untimely discussions until the very shreds of their infamous bargain were spread flaunting over the glorious Capitol, obscuring the American flag in utter shame and degradation.

And this Grand Jury solemnly avers its belief that, if the Supreme Court had not declared it an "illegal precedent," it would have initiated such measures as would have resulted in the permanent abatement of this evil—which seems to threaten the very existence of a republican form of government.

For us to comment on this statement of facts is needless. Let every American who has been taught to believe that our form of government is the truest, the wisest and the most humane, solve the riddle for himself. For what right have we to say that these men are viler than ourselves? We elected them, or by our indifference made their election possible. We chose them to make and alter the laws. We selected them to exercise the attributes of government in a legislative capacity.

It is true, as may be said, that the last Legislature was worse than any of its predecessors. But what then? May not the next be yet more degraded? What have citizens done, or what do they purpose to do, that these wrongs may be righted? This body can only diagnose the disease. The creation of this Grand Jury was an earnest effort to test the omnipotence of corruption; the law, as interpreted by the highest state tribunal, seems to be inadequate to sustain the effort, but the contest must be continued, for otherwise virtuous society cannot exist.

Supervisors.

The Board of Supervisors of the city and county are endowed with extensive and autocratic powers. They have authority to regulate annually the price of gas and water To pass ordinances limiting or extending the lines of city railways, either horse, cable or electric. And this right they possess to such a degree that even if the State Legislature enacts a law providing in effect that electric street companies may incorporate and do business in San Francisco, the State act is lifeless unless the Board of Supervisors gives to the company or companies the privilege to lay their plant. To grant franchises for railways on each and every one of the city streets and even on those already occupied for that purpose. To accept or reject streets according to ordinances in existence, which may be altered or repealed at their pleasure. To appoint sundry

city officials, who, with their subordinates, approximate 300 persons, all of whom are paid from the city treasury.

The Boards of Supervisors have numbered in part, at least, of late years, men eminently unfitted for the duties which they assumed; the last Board of Supervisors, the majority of whom were popularly denominated the "solid nine," is too well known by reputation to the citizens of this metropolis to need characterization at our hands. Political bosses professing to control this Board, would demand blackmail from corporations, the penalty of refusal being a threat of adverse law or ordinance, and after a demur or protest the demand very often would be acceded to as the only means of securing immunity. And if a franchise or privilege of any kind was sought through the legitimate functions of the Board they demanded and received tribute for their votes, no matter how laudable might have been the purpose desired. A majority of the present Board is understood to be no better, but we have not been permitted to investigate its alleged delinquencies.

The catalogue is so long and nauseous that the mind revolts and the pen refuses to detail it all. It is simply an organized system of brigandage, and yet these companies have silently submitted, and only with the greatest difficulty could we induce them to divulge anything; for they allege that the Boards and Bosses would have punished them one and all if they "squealed."

In other cities of the United States bounties more or less lucrative are paid to the municipalities. Here we reverse the order, and what should go to the city coffers enriches the officeholder.

The Mayor is helpless. He can do nothing. He is only a chief clerk. He has the appointment of his personal staff and no more. Like Prometheus bound to the rock of the Caucasus, he sees these vultures eating the vitals of the city and can only cry out against the revolting deed. * * * *

Boss Revenues.

We may add also that if the Grand Jury had continued its labors, additional indictments would have been found against some of those already indicted.

One of the directors of a corporation located in this city testified that his company paid for about five years up to the end of last year a monthly stipend averaging, say, $400 per month, and that in addition his concern had to pay various sums on the eve of elections—in one instance as much as $8,000 to the same person. It is understood that other corporations were under tribute in like manner, so that this person's revenue from that source alone may have aggregated $100,000 annually.

It also appears that from a large number, probably reaching up into the hundreds of the employes of this municipality, was and is collected a certain percentage of their monthly salaries, which, added to whatever revenue be derived from legislative vice, will afford the thoughtful reader some idea of the enormous pecuniary gains that enures to the benefit of the political bosses.

* * * * * * * * * *

Conclusion.

There may be a presumption that we have not been sufficiently explicit, and that names of culprits should have been mentioned. But this would have been at best an invidious task, and the enumeration would be too prolonged.

What is the remedy?

Gibbon, describing the condition of Western Europe before the accession of Charlemagne, says "that he does not know whether there was more vice or less virtue." The description would not be amiss today.

The rapacious horde ought to be driven into the sea; but are we forced to the melancholy conclusion that the abstention of the Railway from participation in public affairs is the only condition of freedom from this defilement? Is its power all-pervading, and shall there be no limit in point of time to its supremacy? No class seeks to confiscate its property nor depreciate the services the managers have rendered the state. But it infects everything it touches politically. For its aims are solely selfish; financially selfish. It has debauched both parties, until an honest man cannot aspire to political office without fear of contamination. * * * * * * * *

Although only an "illegal precedent," yet we believe that our labors will not prove entirely fruitless, and we may add that it has been to us an ordeal not lightly forgotten.

And so, having been stricken a mortal blow by the Supreme Court, we say to the people of California,

MORITURI SALUTAMUS.

Barclay Henley,
James Denman,
H. L. Dodge,
Chas. Holbrook,
Irvine Graham,
William Cluff,
P. J. Kennedy,
John A. Lennon.
C. W. McAfee,
J. H. Mundy,
Mark Sheldon,
W. S. Zeilin,
Reuben Tucker,
William M. Cubery,
Jeremiah Lynch.

San Francisco, December 23, 1891.

Resolutions Regarding Wallace Grand Jury.

At a mass meeting in Metropolitan Temple on Tuesday evening, January 5th, 1892, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, The late Grand Jury has developed the deplorable fact that official venality of a most depraved type exists in the government of this city and state; that apparently all positions, from a United States Senatorship to a janitorship in the school department are sold to whomever would buy; that members of our Legislature brazenly and cynically bartered for money their high privileges; that Supervisors and other officials of this city and county have permitted political bosses to use and sell them like harlots; that these same political bosses, including not alone those here, but also those who are absent, have controlled absolutely the city and county conventions of both political parties; and finally, that the defilement is so great as to imperatively demand a change on the score of self-respect and American manhood; now, therefore, be it

Resolved, In this assembly of citizens united by the bond of patriotism, which is stronger and better than mere party associations, that the grateful appreciation of the commonwealth is accorded to the Hon. William T. Wallace, Superior Judge of San Francisco, to whose learned brain is due the inception of this movement, which will not stop until our state is made habitable to honest men.

Resolved, That the thanks of the community are due to the late Grand Jury, who have done their duty courageously, amidst threats, temptations and insidious advances by corporations, and we shall ever regret that the Jury were prevented from exposing more of the rascals and their crimes to the light of justice.

Resolved, That we denounce the culpable and criminal interference of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company in politics as the first cause of the vile corruption that exists everywhere, and we warn them to desist and let us govern ourselves; and be it further

Resolved, That the Chairman be authorized to appoint herewith a committee of seven who shall designate a body of thirty citizens to act as the permanent Executive Committee of an organization to be composed of public-spirited citizens. The objects and purposes of this organization shall be the liberation of this fair city of San Francisco and our loved State of California from the slavery and degradation of rascality and boodleism, and to see that the work of the late Grand Jury in indicting criminals shall not be lost or dissipated, but be carried forward to the full extent of the law.

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